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From Dark Blue.
IN SEPTEMBER.

WHERE lurk the merry elves of autumn now,
In this bright breezy month of equinox?
Among tanned bracken on the mountain's brow?
Or deep in heather tufted round white rocks
On a wild moor, where heathbells wither slow,
Twined with late-blooming furze — a home
of grouse?
By river alders? Or on stubby plains?
Bound not their kingdom so:
They follow Beauty's train — of all her house
Gay pensioners till not one leaf remains.

The splendour of the year is not yet dead:
After cold showers the sun shines hotly still
To dry the grass and kiss the trembling head
Of each wind-shaken harebell on the hill.
Then joys the eye to ramble far and wide
Through all the fleecy circles of the sky;
Broad silverous beams fair slant from
southern clouds,
Where sunlight seems to hide;
A rainbow spans the vale's blue mystery,
Whence routed mists troop gloomily,
crowds on crowds.

Heaven hath its symphonies! What tones combine
To swell the cadenced chords of luminous
gray
That change upon the abysmal hyaline,
Whose glimpses sweet throb to the azure play
Of an ethereal melody — tender as eyes
That shine through tears of unrequited love —
Pure as the petals of forget-me-nots!
Such unheard harmonies,
The deaf ears of Beethoven smote from above
Through vision — filled with heaven his
inky blots.

As Ceres when she sought her Proserpine
Slow moved, majestically sad — a wreath
Of funeral flowers above those eyes divine —
The widowed year draws ripely to its death.
The moist air swoons in stilled sultriness
Between the gales; save when a boding sigh
Shivers the crisp and many-hued tree-tops,
Or a low breeze's stress
Wakes the sere whispers of fallen leaves that
lie
Breathing a dying odour through the copse.

A few pale flowers of summer linger late
For languid butterflies, wind-tost, that leave
Their garden asters, tempted to their fate
By the wild bees; stray blooms of woodbine
grieve
On their close-twisted stems in brambly dells —
Haunt of the cottage-children's much delight
On sunny afternoons; by hedge and
stream
Tremble the delicate bells
Of bindweed, bridelike with its wreath of
white
Moving things withering of new springs to
dread.

Soon the last field is gleaned, safe harvested
The tardiest-ripening grain, and all the dale
Made glad with far-seen stacks; barn floors are
spread
With golden sheaves, sport of the clanging
flail;
In sunny orchards the mossed apple-trees
Bend with their ruddy load, and wasp-gnawn
pears
Tumble at every gust; the berried lanes
Blush with their bright increase;
Brown acorns rustle down; and in their lairs
Neat-handed squirrels hoard their dainti-
est gains.

So the month wanes, till the new-risen moon
Shines on chill torpor of white mist, stretched
o'er
Low-lying pastures — like a weird lagune
In a dim land of ghosts; and evermore
Through the sad wood the wind sighs wailfully,
And great owls hoot from boughs left deso-
late
When first the morn finds skeleton leaves
made fair
With frosted tracery.
And then must all things frail yield to their
fate —
October strikes the chord of their despair!

LIFE'S PITY.

I THINK the pity of this life is love;
For though my rosebud, thrilling into life,
Kissed by the love-beams of the glowing sun,
Meets his fond gaze with her pure, tender eyes,
Filled with the rapture of a glad surprise
That from his light her glory shall be won;
Yet, when into her very heart he sighs,
Behold! she puts away her life — and dies.

I think the pity of this life is love;
Because, to me but little joy has come
Of all that most I hoped would make life's
sun;
For though the perfumed seasons come and go,
The Spring birds warble, e'en the rivers flow
To meet some love that to their own doth run.
My bud of love hath bloomed for other eyes,
And I am left — to sorrow and to sighs.

I think the pity of this life is love;
For from our love we gather all life's pain,
And place too oft our hearts on earthly
shrines,
Where we would kneel — but where alas! we fall
Beneath a shadow ever past recall;
We seek for gold, when 'tis but dross that
shines.
Then — if we may not turn our hearts above —
I know the pity of this life is love.

Rublie Opinion.

From The Quarterly Review.

JEREMY TAYLOR.*

THE great glory of the English pulpit is, by common consent, Jeremy Taylor; and he has, we think, fairly earned his supremacy. He is much the most distinguished of those who, in the early part of the seventeenth century, turned in their sermons from the discussion of abstract points of theology to the earnest recommendation of those points of Christian life and character which are known and loved of all men; no one of his time joined in an equal degree the graver studies of morality and theology with an eager love of polite letters, not only in classic form, but in the then comparatively new literatures of Italy and France; the fluent sweetness of his style is, in its way, unsurpassed, and this honied eloquence does but reflect the gentleness of a temper which passed unscathed, if not unruffled, through the terrible strife of the Civil War and the harshness of Puritan rule.

Jeremy Taylor was born at Cambridge, and baptized in Trinity Church in that town on the 15th of August, 1618. Of the date of his birth there is no certain evidence. It has generally been assumed that he was baptized in infancy, but if we suppose that he was two years old at the time of his baptism we obtain a date which harmonizes better with the indications afforded by his later life; for when he was entered at Caius College in August, 1626, he was described as having completed his fifteenth year; and further, if we suppose him to have been born in 1611, he would be nearly of the canonical age at the date when he is said to have been ordained, instead of being under twenty, an age at which holy orders have very rarely been conferred. He was the son of a barber in the town, probably a re-

spectable tradesman, as we find him churchwarden of his parish in 1621; and there is no difficulty in supposing that, in those days of love-locks and daintily trimmed beards, one of that occupation would occupy as high a position among the other tradesmen of the town as his successors do now. He is said to have been descended from the famous Dr. Rowland Taylor, who "left his blood" at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, for the defence of the Protestant faith. The young Jeremy was one of the earliest alumni of the Perse Grammar School in Cambridge, which was founded in 1615, and he became a sizar at Caius College in 1626. John Milton had taken up his abode in Christ's College only one year before. The two poets—for we must not refuse to Taylor the name of poet—were, no doubt, to use Milton's vigorous expression, "deluded with ragged notions, and brabblements, and dragged to an asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles;" that is, they had to pass through the tedious forms of scholastic logic which were still in vogue in the schools; but we may well believe that the pliant intellect of Taylor submitted to this training with far greater ease and readiness than Milton's fiery self-will; in fact, his works show that his mind had great affinity with such intellects as Aquinas and Scotus, though he also traversed fields foreign to them. "Wranglers" and "senior optimes" as yet were not, and we have no record of the student's success in the schools, but it is hardly doubtful that a mind so fertile in arguments and objections would be a formidable adversary in the wit-combats of those days. He took his bachelor's degree in 1630, and, as his friend Rust tells us, "as soon as he was graduate he was chosen fellow." His fellowship was probably on the Perse foundation, and of small value. Soon after taking his M.A. degree, which he did in the usual course in 1634,* he was ordained, being then, if he was born in 1611, twenty-three years of age. From the time of his ordination his life was one of frequent change and no little trouble. The patronage of Archbishop Laud pro-

* *The whole Works of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D.D., Lord Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dro-more: with a Life of the Author, and a critical examination of his Writings.* By the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Revised and corrected by the Rev. Charles Fage Eden, M.A., and the Rev. Alexander Taylor, M.A. In 10 volumes. London, 1856.

2. *Bishop Jeremy Taylor, his Predecessors, Contemporaries, and Successors. A Biography.* By the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bear-Wood, Berks. Second Edition. London, 1848.

* "Holy Dying," ch. iii. sec. 4.

cured him a fellowship at All Souls', which he enjoyed but a couple of years; then we find him for a few years Vicar of Uppingham, then ejected, and following the royal army; and at last about 1644, settled in a Welsh village on the banks of the Towy, in Carmarthenshire, where he supported himself by keeping a school. In these years he had been himself taken prisoner; sickness and death had been busy in his family; he had lost his wife and a son, and was married again to Joanna Bridges, said to have been a natural daughter of Charles I.* For some years he led a life of poverty and seclusion; yet, if he was poor and in trouble, he was not friendless: he was constantly befriended by Lord Carbery and his family, whose beautiful seat, Golden Grove, was hard by the village where he dwelt. And he dwelt there, we believe, contentedly: if he had fallen into the hands of "publicans and sequestrators," he had still a loving wife and many friends to pity him, and some to relieve him; he had still his merry countenance, his cheerful spirit, and his good conscience; he could walk in his neighbour's pleasant fields and see the variety of natural beauties; and if, with all this, he chose to "sit down upon his handful of thorns," he was fit to bear "Nero company in his funeral sorrow for the loss of one of Poppæa's hairs, or help to mourn for Lesbia's sparrow."† In truth, his situation contrasted favourably with that of many of the royalists who were driven from house and home, and he repeatedly expresses his gratitude to Lord Carbery and his amiable wife for their patronage and protection.

It was in his Welsh retreat that the genius of Taylor was matured: there he wrote the "Liberty of Propheying," the "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying," the "Great Exemplar," or Life of Christ, and many of those great sermons with which his name is always associated. If these latter were delivered as they were written, however they may have charmed the ears of Lord Carbery's cultivated family,

they must have astonished beyond measure the Welsh villagers who formed the rest of the auditory, though it is not impossible that they, too, may have been attracted by the preacher's sweet voice and impressive manner, even without understanding his words. The collection of prayers to which Taylor gave the name of "Golden Grove," led to his imprisonment. Contrary to his wont, he had mingled with his panegyric on the Church of England an invective against Puritan preachers, and the authorities were perhaps rendered suspicious by the dedication to so well-known a royalist as Lord Carbery. We learn from a letter of John Evelyn's that he was in prison in February, 1654-5;* but in April of the same year we find him at large and preaching in the little church of St. Gregory, by St. Paul's, where the use of the Common Prayer was still permitted. He returned to Wales, but in April, 1656, we find him dining with Evelyn at Says Court, in company with Boyle and Wilkins. In July he is again in Wales, much troubled by his narrow circumstances—a trouble which, to his honour be it said, Evelyn lightened so far as lay in his power†—and longing for the society and the libraries which were to be found in the "voysinage" of London. His home in Wales was very sorrowful, for he had just lost a little boy, "that lately made him very glad;" and again, in February, 1656-7, he speaks of small-pox and fever having broken out in his household, and of having buried "two sweet hopeful boys." He had then but one son left, and perhaps began to desire to leave a scene associated with so much grief. He seems generally to have visited London once in the year, and always found friends to welcome him, especially Evelyn, the Mæcenas—or ought we rather to say, the Gaius?—of distressed churchmen of those days. On one of these visits he was sent to the Tower, because his publisher had prefixed to his "Collection of Offices" an engraving of our Lord in the attitude of prayer—a representation which some of the authorities in those

* On the single authority of the MS. of Mr. Jones, a descendant of Taylor's, whose papers were used by Heber; see "Life," p. xxxv. f.

† "Holy Living," ch. II. sec. 6.

* Heber's "Life," pp. xxxix. cclxxlii.

† See Taylor's letter of May, 1657, in "Life," p. lxi.

days held to be idolatrous. His imprisonment, however, did not last long; in the spring of 1658, we find him at liberty in London. There Lord Conway, a great Irish landowner, offered him a lectureship at Lisburn, in the neighbourhood of his own estates, the tenantry on which he hoped would be benefited by the ministrations of so excellent a man. Of Lord Conway's kindness and Taylor's gratitude we have evidence in the letter given below, which is now printed for the first time from the autograph in the possession of Mr. Murray:—

April 17, 1658.

"MY VERY GOOD LORD,

"I have till now deferred to write to your Lordship, because I could not sooner give an account of the time when I could attend your Lordship at Ragley; but now that my wife is well laid and in a hopeful condition, I hope I shall not be hindered to begin my journey to my Lady Chaworth on the 26th of this month, and from thence by the grace of God I will be coming the third of May towards Ragley, unless your affairs call your Lordship from thence before that time; but if they are like to do so, and I have intimation of it from your Lordship, I will begin my journey that way and from thence go on to Nottinghamshire. My Lord, I suppose by the first return of the carrier you will receive those pieces of Thom. Nash, which I received by your Lordship's command to put into order and to make as complete as I could. Upon the view of them, and comparing them with what I had, I found I had but one to add, which I have caused to be bound up with the rest: but I have as yet failed of getting that piece of Castalio against Beza which your Lordship wished to have, but I shall make a greater search as soon as it please God I am well; for I write this to your Lordship in my bed, being afflicted with a very great cold, and some fears of an ague; but those fears are going off, because I see my illness settling into a cold. . . . And now, my Lord, having given your Lordship an account of these little impertinences, my great business, which I shall ever be doing but shall never finish, is to give your Lordship the greatest thanks in a just acknowledgement and publication of your greatest, your freest, your noblest obligations passed upon me; for the day scarce renews so often as your Lordship's favours to me. My Lord, I have from the hand of your excellent Lady received 80*l.*: for your Ladyship not

only provides an excellent country for me, but a viaticum, and manna in the way, that the favour may be as much without charge to me as it is without merit on my part. Truly, my Lord, if your Lordship had done to me as many other worthy persons have, that is, a single favour, or a little one, or something that I had merited, or something for which I might be admitted to pay an equal service, or anything which is not without example, or could possibly be without envy to me, I could have spoken such things as might have given true and proper significations of my thankfulness; but in earnest, my Lord, since I have understood the greatness of the favour you have done and intended to me—if I had not been also acquainted with the very great nobleness of your disposition, I should have had more wonder than belief; but now, my Lord, I am satisfied with this, that although this conjugation of favours is too great for me to have hoped for from one person, yet it was not too great for your Lordship to give; and I see that in all times, especially in the worst, God is pleased to appoint some heroic examples of virtue, that such extraordinary precedents might highly reprove and in some measure restore the almost lost worthiness of mankind. My Lord, you read my heart, which with the greatest simplicity and ingenuity sends forth some of its perpetual thoughts; but if I can have my option, I shall not receive this heap of favours with so great joyfulness as I shall with earnestness beg this greater favour, that it may be in some measure put into my power to express how much I love, how much I honour, how willingly I would serve so excellent, so dear a person. My good Lord, I am,

"Your Lordship's most humble,

"most obliged, and most affectionate servant,

"JER. TAYLOR.

"I pray, my good Lord, present my humble service to your excellent and pious mother, and to good Mr. Whitby."

From this interesting document we learn for the first time that Taylor was acquainted with the family of Chaworth of Annesley, so well known in later times from their connection with another man of very different stamp of genius. It gives us a glimpse of Taylor's book-hunting habits, when we find that his patron employed him to complete his collection of Tom Nash's works—which, though not by any means of a theological character, were al-

ready in his own library — and to procure him a copy of Castallo against Beza. The latter was probably of Taylor's own recommending; for he sympathized with him both in his anti-Calvinistic theology and in his desire for freedom of religion. There is no denying that his expressions of gratitude to Lord Conway are, to our notions, hyperbolic and unsuited to the dignity of a great divine. Such expressions are quite in the manner of the time; yet Lord Conway seems to have been a little annoyed at their exuberance, for his manly reply contains something very like a reproof.

This letter makes certain what Heber had already conjectured, that Taylor's letter of May 12, 1658, in which he declines a lectureship offered him by a friend of Evelyn's, on the condition of alternating with a presbyterian, "like Castor and Polux, the one up and the other down," does not refer to Lord Conway's chaplaincy.

In Lord Conway he had one of the kindest and most considerate of patrons, who did the best to smooth the way for him in his difficulties. Besides giving him the benefit of his own influence, he procured for him introductions to some of the most considerable persons in Ireland, and Dr. Petty,* who had been employed in the survey of Ireland and knew the country well, "promised to provide him a purchase of land at great advantage." Moreover, my Lord Protector, who was perhaps not sorry to have so distinguished a royalist removed from London, "gave him a pass and protection for himself and his family under his sign manual and privy signet." The letter† from which these expressions are taken is dated June 15, 1658, and Taylor had probably left London for Ireland a short time before.

He settled at Portmore, "a place," says Rust, "made for study and contemplation," where he may have seen "the round towers of other days" shining in the wave beneath him as he strayed on the banks of Lough Neagh. He evidently enjoyed this "most charming recess,"‡ and writes in a tone of great contentment to Lord Conway, to whom a son and heir had just been born: "since my coming into Ireland, by God's blessing and your lordship's favour, I have had plenty and

privacy, opportunities of studying much, and opportunities of doing some little good." He is "endeared with the neighbourhood," he "would count it next to a divorce to be drawn from it;" he "would fain account himself fixed there during his life;" if his lordship will but come himself to reside on his Irish estates, he may bore Taylor's ear,* and make him his slave for ever.† Yet he confesses, in the same letter, that, in the absence of Major Rawdon, Lord Conway's brother-in-law and agent, there was nothing around him but "*ingens solitudo*," and "the country like the Nomades, without law and justice." In truth, the troubles of the time penetrated into his pleasant recess. In June 1659, he writes to Evelyn:—"a presbyterian and a madman have informed against me as a dangerous man to their religion and for using the sign of the cross in baptism."‡ This information led to the issuing of a warrant by the Irish Privy Council, which brought him to Dublin early in 1659-60, "in the worst of our winter weather," to the serious detriment of his health. He seems, however, to have obtained an easy acquittal from the "Anabaptist commissioners." On April 9, 1659, he writes to Lord Conway§ that his *opus magnum*, his great book on cases of conscience, is finished, except two little chapters, and that he has sent a servant to London with the copy; he begs his lordship to forward to him the sheets of his work as they were printed, Lord Conway having no doubt frequent communications with friends who resided on his Irish property.

Meantime, Oliver Cromwell was dead, and the reins of government were slipping from the slack hands of his son Richard. In the spring of the momentous year 1660 we find Taylor in London; on April 21 in that year he signed the famous "Declaration" to General Monk; in May, Charles landed in England; and in June Taylor dedicated to his restored sovereign the work of many laborious years, his "Ductor Dubitantium."

Charles probably did not bestow much attention on the learned work thus offered to him, for his was not a conscience troubled with doubts; but so equinent a royalist as Jeremy Taylor could not be passed over in the distribution of ecclesiastical preferment. In August, 1660, he was ap-

* Afterwards Sir William Petty, author of the "Political Anatomy of Ireland," and founder of the English settlement at Kenmare.

† Printed in Heber's "Life," p. cclxxxvii.

‡ Taylor dates his epitaph on Dr. Stearne, "ex amonissimo recessu in Portmore;" Heber's "Life," p. lxxxvii.

* Alluding to Exod. xxi. 6.

† Letter of Feb. 23, 1658-9 in Mr. Murray's possession.

‡ "Life," p. lxxxiv.

§ Autograph in Mr. Murray's possession.

pointed to the see of Down and Connor, to which that of Dromore was afterwards added. Various conjectures have been offered to account for his not having been nominated for an English see; as, that the king wished his natural sister, Taylor's wife, to be removed to a distance from the court; a conjecture which seems in the highest degree improbable, even if we grant the fact, not too well attested, that Joanna Bridges was a daughter of Charles I. It is, of course, possible that Taylor was appointed to an Irish see, simply because he had eminent qualifications for it. If we look to the interests of the diocese, we shall hardly find another man so qualified to preside over it; at once learned, able, and conciliatory; already acquainted with the district, and skilled in the controversy both with Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. Lord Conway, too, seems to have used his influence to procure the appointment of his much-esteemed friend—whom he thought “the choicest person in England appertaining to the conscience”—to the diocese in which he was himself most interested.* Yet we cannot help suspecting that Sheldon, the great manager of ecclesiastical patronage in those days, bore Taylor no good will. He had disliked his appointment at All Souls; he had been offended by what he thought his Pelagian theology, and there was perhaps some other cause of rancour in the background; for Taylor, in a piteous letter to Sheldon,† in which he begs to be translated to England if his Grace does not wish him to “die immaturely,” says that he had been “informed by a good hand,” that his Grace had said that he (Taylor) was himself the only hindrance to his being removed to an English bishopric. That which was the hindrance to his being translated to an English bishopric may have been the cause of his being removed from England in the first instance. Whatever the cause of the appointment, we cannot but fear that he left the pleasant society of London, then bubbling with excitement, for his disturbed diocese, with somewhat the same feelings with which Gregory Nazianzen sought his see in dull and remote Sasima. He was consecrated with eleven other bishops, in the cathedral church of St. Patrick, Jan. 27, 1666–7, and himself preached the sermon. He had previously, on Ormond's recommendation, been chosen Vice-Chancellor of the Uni-

versity of Dublin, where he “found all things in a perfect disorder;” and in February he was made a member of the Irish Privy Council; * neither of these offices was a sinecure.

The state of his diocese may well have filled with dismay a man who loved study and quiet, and shrank from heat and violence. In no part of Ireland had the clearance of the clergy of the Reformed Irish Church been more effectual. The new bishop found himself in the midst of a body of Presbyterians, led by Scotchmen of the school of Cameron, with their original fanaticism exasperated to the utmost by contact with the votaries of Popery and Prelacy. He was received with a storm of denunciation when he visited his diocese before his consecration; the Scotch ministers were implacable; they had agreed among themselves to preach vigorously and constantly against episcopacy and liturgy; they talked of resisting unto blood, and stirred up the people to sedition. The bishop-designate preached every Sunday among them, he invited them to a conference, he courted them with most friendly offers; but they would not even speak with him: they had newly covenanted to endure neither the person nor the office of a bishop. They bought his books, and appointed a “committee of Scotch spiders to see if they could gather or make poison out of them;” they drew up a statement against him, and intended to petition the King against his appointment. Nay, his very life was not safe; not only did they try by every means to take the people's hearts from him, but they threatened to murder him outright. No wonder that he says in despair, “It were better for me to be a poor curate in a village church than a bishop over such intolerable persons;” no wonder that he begs the Duke of Ormond to give him some parsonage in Munster, where he may end his days in peace.† He had probably but little peace for the remainder of his days; for though many of the laity in his dioceses were well disposed, the opposition of the Presbyterian ministers, who were generally as disloyal to the Government as unfriendly to the bishop, never ceased. In the summer of 1663, we find him again complaining of the meetings of the “pre-

* He begs Lord Conway's interest to get him placed on the Privy Council, because “it would add so much reputation to him among the Scots, and be useful for settling the diocese.” (Letter of Jan. 2, 1660–1, in Mr. Murray's possession).

† Letter of Dec. 19, 1660, to the Duke of Ormond, in “Life,” p. cl.

* Taylor says (letter to Lord Conway of March 2, 1660–1, in Mr. Murray's possession) “that I am here . . . I owe to my relations to your Lordship.”

† “Life,” p. cxix.

tended ministers," of the refractoriness of the people and their mutinous talkings; and a few months before his death he tells Ormond of the advance of the former mischiefs, and believes that the Scotch rebellion of 1635 "was either born in Ireland or put to nurse there."* The North of Ireland immediately after the Restoration was certainly no place for a bishop who loved peace.

Yet his misery was not without alleviations; the great Ormond supported and encouraged him, and Lord Conway was a steady and sympathizing friend. He hoped in the first instance to live at Lisnegarvy [Lisburn], and got "a very pretty design for his house" from a gentleman in Dublin that had "very good skill in architecture."† Probably, this design was found for the time impracticable, for he continued to reside at Portmore, where he had a house and farm, as we learn from a curious story preserved in Glanvil's "Sadducismus triumphatus,"‡ of the ghost seen by David Hunter, "neatherd at the bishop's house at Portmore." Still, however, he does not seem to have abandoned the hope of having a cathedral and a palace at Lisburn. The church of that place was made a cathedral for the united sees of Down and Connor by letters patent October 22, 1662, the old cathedral of Down having been burnt by Lord-Deputy Gray in 1538, and still lying waste in 1637, when it was the subject of a correspondence between Laud and Strafford,§ which had no result in consequence of the troubles soon following. In 1665, we find him urging upon Lord Conway the care of their "great concern, the cathedral of Lisburn," and proposing to his Lordship to give lands in Lisburn in exchange for Church lands, that the bishops may have a "convenient seat" there. It was important for them to have a strong, as well as a convenient house, for it was not improbable that they might have to maintain themselves in it by force against a rebellion.¶ Again, in a later letter (probably of 1666) he hopes that by this time his Lordship hath some account of the King's letter for their cathedral. He rebuild the choir of the ruined cathedral of Down at his own expense, and the "handmaid of the Lord," Joanna Taylor, the bishop's wife, presented the chalice and

paten.* Nor was this the only form in which his liberality showed itself; all accounts agree, that now that he was able, for the first time in his life, to dispense instead of receiving bounty, he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and provided for the fatherless. "He was," says Sir James Ware,† "so charitable to the poor, that, except moderate portions to his daughters, he spent all his income on alms and public works."

All this time his health appears to have been delicate. We find constantly in his letters that he is suffering from a "great cold" with pain and feverishness; more than once he complains, as in the letter to Sheldon above referred to, that the climate in which he lived was unsuitable for him. And he was not without heavy domestic affliction. Of the sons of his second marriage, only one survived the sickness which attacked the household in Wales, and him he buried at Lisburn. Two sons of the first marriage grew up to manhood, both of whom seemed to have shared in the wild follies of the Restoration period. The eldest, a captain of horse, fell in a duel with a brother officer named Vane, who also died of his wounds;‡ and the good bishop almost sank under the blow. The second became secretary to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and died at his house in Baynard's Castle a few days before his father, who was probably spared the pain of hearing of his death. The bishop himself was attacked by fever at Lisburn, on the 3rd of August, 1667, and died after ten days' illness, in the seventh year of his episcopate. He was fifty-four years of age, if we suppose him to have been born in 1613, or fifty-six, if, as the records of Caius College seem to indicate, he was born in 1611. Whatever his age, his fancy had not grown dim, nor the natural force of his intellect abated.

Probably no English divine, even in those days when so many were cast out of their stalls or their parsonages, led a more chequered life than Jeremy Taylor. Cambridge, London, Oxford, Uppingham, the royal army, the retreat in Wales, the lectureship and the bishopric in Ireland, all pass before us in a life not prolonged much beyond middle age. No doubt these many changes, with their attendant miseries, and the feeling of being constantly

* See the Letters in "Life," p. ciii.

† Letter of March 2, 1660-1, in Mr. Murray's possession.

‡ Reprinted in "Life," p. ccxclv.

§ Mant's "Hist. of the Ch. of Ireland," p. 512.

¶ Letter of Jan. 28, 1664-5, in Mr. Murray's possession.

* "Life," clx. ccxcl.

† "Hist. of Ireland," Ed. Harris, II. 210.

‡ This rests on the authority of Lady Ware, Taylor's granddaughter, who, making her statement at an advanced age, has probably confused some of the details. See "Life," pp. ccxx. ccxxviii.

under suspicion, must have been very grievous to the soul of one who loved study and evidently enjoyed the refinements of courtly society. In fact, a tone of querulousness does appear here and there in his letters; yet on the whole we believe that Taylor, in the midst of his distresses and wanderings, was a happy man; he had the disposition which instinctively withdraws itself from the contact of the petty roughnesses of life and seizes such enjoyments as are attainable. He would walk in the sunshine while sunshine was to be found, and not voluntarily seek the bleak hill-side. The works of so very imaginative a writer give but an imperfect reflection of the character of the man; when a man can so readily throw himself into the mood which befits the occasion, we hardly know what mood is natural to him: Garrick's Hamlet gives no indications of Garrick's own personality. Nevertheless, with all Taylor's changes of style and even of thought, the undercurrent of sweetness, gentleness, and tolerance is so constant that we can hardly doubt that these did indeed form an essential part of his character. And to this sweetness we have a better testimony than that of his works—his power of attracting friends. We have seen in the course of this sketch how John Evelyn, Lord Carbery, and Lord Conway valued him as a friend and spiritual adviser, and were ready on all occasions to forward his interests. And these were not all; another of his noble friends was Christopher, Lord Hatton, to whom he dedicated the "Life of Christ;" that he was received in the mansion of the Chaworths we find from the letter quoted above; and in Ireland, he seems to have lived on the most friendly terms with the Rawdons and the Hills of Hillsborough. If the richness of his conversation at all corresponded to that of his writings, he must have been a most charming companion; and he had that instinctive sympathy which adapts itself without effort to the disposition of the person addressed. Probably his episcopate was the least happy portion of his life; but such a man, with such friends, was not likely to be altogether miserable.

It is even pathetic to see how, in the midst of the distractions of his changeable life, he continues with indomitable perseverance his study and his writing. Besides Greek and Latin, he understood French and Italian; and not only was he extremely well read in patristic and scholastic theology, but he was constantly in

communication with Mr. Royston, the bookseller, and contrived to keep himself acquainted with the current literature of the day, both English and foreign. He "would rather furnish his study with Plutarch and Cicero, with Livy and Polybius, than with Cassandra and Ibrahim Bassa;"* yet he did not despise either Madame de Scuderi, or Whetstone, or Tom Nash; he read Dante, but he was not averse to pass an hour with Poggio Bracciolini; he would recreate himself after his meditations on Holy Dying with a story of Petronius. His cry is still, "how is any art or science likely to improve? What good books are lately public? What learned men abroad or at home begin anew to fill the mouth of fame in the places of the dead Salmasius, Vossius, Mocelin, Sirmond, Rigaltius, Des Cartes, Galileo, Peiresc, Petavius, and the excellent persons of yesterday?"† When he hears that Lord Conway is likely to reside on his Irish estates, his hope is that his lordship will bring his library with him.‡ Never was there a more eager devourer of books; if he kept a common-place book, it must have been at least as remarkable as Southey's; but we are inclined to think, from the way that his illustrations are introduced, that he drew most of them from the stores of his memory. Yet there were considerable gaps in his vast reading; he does not seem to have had much sympathy with the great philosophical movement of his own time; he refers, as we have seen to Des Cartes; yet that intrepid spirit, who undertook to reconstruct philosophy from its foundations, does not seem to have influenced his writings; he is scarcely quoted, though he wrote on Taylor's favourite science of Ethics. He refers to Galileo, but we doubt whether, even in passing, he alludes to any discovery of the Tuscan artist. He always gives us the impression that he loved belles lettres, rhetoric, and casuistic theology, rather than the severer pursuits of philosophy. When he talks "metaphysically," he is rather apt to talk "extravagantly" also.§ Of the books which he thought most essential for a student of theology we have a list in a letter to Mr. Graham, a Fellow of Trinity College,

* "Essay on Friendship," p. 81. "Promos and Cassandra" is a "comical discourse," by G. Whetstone. "Ibrahim Bassa" is a romance by Madame de Scuderi. (Mr. Eden's note, in loco.)

† To Evelyn, in "Life," p. lxxxii.

‡ Letter of April 9, 1683, in Mr. Murray's possession.

§ Letter to Lord Conway, Feb. 28, 1688-9, in Mr. Murray's possession.

Dublin.* From this we find that, in his opinion, the works of Episcopius, the great leader of the Arminians in the Low Countries, "contained the whole body of orthodox religion;" and there are manifest traces of the influence of this remarkable man upon his theology, and, indeed, upon a considerable portion of the contemporary theology of England. Other continental writers whom he commends are Chemnitz, Gerhard, Du Moulin, Chamier, Vossius, and Casaubon. For school divinity he prefers Occam on the "Sentences," Aquinas's "Summa Theologiæ," with Suarez's "Comment;" Biel; and Estius on the "Sentences;" his emphatic preference for the Jesuits Estius and Suarez helps to explain some of the weak points of his moral theology. In English divinity he recommends Hooker, Andrews, Laud, Lord Falkland "Of Infallibility," Bramhall, Overall, Field, Sanderson, and Farinodon, besides several of "Dr. Taylor's" works, and some treatises — tracts for the times — the fame of which has long passed away. But this list, intended for a student in theology whom he wished to imbue with his own theologic opinions, very imperfectly represents Taylor's reading, though it sufficiently indicates his preferences; it is, as he himself says, but the beginning of a theological library, fit for one who wished "to be wise and learned in the Christian religion, as it is taught and professed in the Church of England." He himself studied the writings of foes as well as friends; he did not contend, as some have done, against Bellarmine and Calvin without reading their works; and he is often more successful in attacking his enemies than in supporting his friends.

And if his perseverance in study is remarkable, his industry in writing is no less so. In all the changes of his life, whether in his Welsh retirement or in the midst of the distractions of his Irish see, his pen seems to have been scarcely ever out of his hand. He wrote with extraordinary facility. In the twenty-five years between the publication of his "Defence of Episcopacy" and his death, he published matter which, in his own days, filled several folio volumes, and even in the more compressed form of modern times furnishes a respectable shelf of octavos. If we could recover the whole of his correspondence, another volume would probably have to be added to the series. And these works were not of the kind which an ingenious person with a sufficient command of words

may produce almost at will; they almost all involved careful research and reflection. His studies and writings ranged over the whole field of theology; there is hardly a doctrinal point on which he has not expressed an opinion, generally one which marks him as beyond his age in vigour and independence of thought. He is not always judicious, but he is rarely prejudiced; if he comes to a wrong conclusion it is not for want of admitting what might be urged on the other side.

He is eminently a Church of England man; the breadth, simplicity, and nobleness of our National Church were dear to one who loved moderation and largeness of spirit, and hated violence and tyranny with all his heart. He loved the middle way between tyranny and license; he thinks "to the churches of the Roman Communion we can say that ours is reformed; to the Reformed churches we can say that ours is orderly and decent. At the Reformation we did not expose our churches to that nakedness which the excellent men of our sister churches complained to be among themselves." It was not yet characteristic of an Anglican divine to refuse the title of "sister" to the Protestant churches of the continent. He sincerely loved the Book of Common Prayer, and mourned when it was "cut in pieces with a pen-knife and thrown into the fire," though it was not consumed; he longed for it, as for a blessing once common, now removed to a distance; "when excellent things go away, and then look back upon us, as our blessed Saviour did upon St. Peter, we are more moved than by the nearer embraces of a full and actual possession." Of Scripture he speaks in terms at once reverent and reasonable, maintaining always its supreme authority, yet rejecting the opinion of those who think that "errors or imperfections in grammar were (in respect of the words) precisely immediate inspirations and dictates of the Holy Ghost."*

With regard to the discipline of the Church he was a constant assertor of the superior claims of episcopal government. Not only in a set treatise, published in the very crash of the falling Church, but everywhere, if the subject suggests it, he defends episcopacy against the Presbyterian or Independent "novelists" of his time. He had an instinctive repugnance to democracy, whether in Church or State; his feelings, in spite of his breadth and tolerance, were essentially dainty and aris-

* "Life," p. lxxxviii.

* "Life," clxix.

ocratic; he liked not to be "pushed at by herds and flocks of people that follow anybody that whistles to them or drives them to pasture;"* he was clearly of Charles II.'s opinion, that Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman;† his tastes concurred with his principles in favour of the ancient form of ecclesiastical government; he could not but prefer the decent order, the traditive authority, and the long prestige of episcopacy to the often tumultuous self-government of Presbyterians or Independents; but he is not for permitting ecclesiastical powers to employ secular force.

That which has been most assailed in Taylor's theology is his doctrine on the great mystery of original sin and free-will, which appears most prominently in the "Treatise on Repentance." When that treatise first appeared it was attacked by Puritans and mourned over by Churchmen; in our own times it has furnished a theme for the severe remarks of his warmest admirers, S. T. Coleridge and Reginald Heber. It is not to be denied that he does extenuate the effect of Adam's fall, and exalt to the utmost the free-will and the natural powers of man; yet it is but fair in estimating his offence to remember his circumstances. A kind of Manichæism had crept into theology; the teaching of a large and powerful party tended to make man a mere puppet between opposing forces of good and evil, and this teaching assumed its harshest form in the mouths of some of the Puritan leaders of the seventeenth century; in the treatises of some of these divines man scarcely appears a moral being; he is simply swayed by forces which he cannot control, propelled onward to a destiny which he cannot mitigate. Against this doctrine Taylor revolted with all his soul; man was to him, before all things, a moral agent, a responsible being; his favourite study lay in the region of man's will and man's conscience; hence he was eager to assert that man's will was constrained by no irresistible force. We do not think that he goes further in the assertion of man's moral dignity than Basil or Chrysostom would have approved, but hedged round as he was by the technical theology of his time, he was compelled to seek his end through bye-paths, which sometimes led him into dangerous country.

* "Essay on Friendship," p. 72.

† In an undated letter to Lord Conway (in Mr. Murray's possession) Taylor says that the Privy Councillors knew that his lordship was "too much a gentleman to be undone with such principles" as those of the Presbyterians.

With the sacrament of the Lord's Supper he deals in a more satisfactory manner; at once devout and learned, he was especially fitted to treat a matter so sacred, and so perplexed by the subtleties of a thousand years. Against the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation he is clear and convincing; his familiarity with scholastic logic served him well in his arguments, and his great learning in his discussion of historical facts; to use Coleridge's words,* "he transubstantiated his vast imagination and fancy into subtlety not to be evaded, acuteness to which nothing remains unpierceable, and indefatigable agility of argumentation."

The same skilful polemic which in the treatise on the sacrament he directed against Transubstantiation, he turned against the tenets of the Roman Church generally in his well-known "Dissuasive from Popery," certainly one of his most successful works. It is, in truth, a model of Christian controversy; his tone towards his adversaries is gentle and affectionate, even while he lays bare, with an unsparing hand, enormities which might well move his indignation; his exposure of the novelties and inconsistencies of the Roman Church is complete and triumphant; he knew both their theories and their practices, their theories which they dared not put in practice, and their practices supported by no theory; yet, with all this, he speaks to Romanists as one who endeavours to persuade friends, and—to his honour be it said—he earnestly deprecates penal measures against them. It was said, during the troubles of the seventeenth century, that if there had been an Earl of Cork in each province of Ireland, there would have been no Irish Rebellion; who shall say how the history of unhappy Ireland might have been changed, if at the Restoration each province had been blessed with a Jeremy Taylor?

The "Ductor Dubitantium," or "Doubters' Guide," was, no doubt, regarded by its author as his great work, the one which was to perpetuate his fame. And, in truth, few English works rival it in learning and ingenuity; yet, instead of being as Taylor doubtless hoped it would be, the treasure-house where generations of Englishmen might find resolution of painful doubts, it has become the amusement of a few retired students. And this by no fault of the author; even in his lifetime Hobbes appealed to the common intellect with greater force and directness; and be-

* "Notes on English Divines," i. 230.

fore the race of the "old cavaliers" had quite passed away, Locke's famous Essay gave a new direction to metaphysical and ethical enquiry. Our limits forbid us to offer even an outline of the discussions contained in Taylor's *Opus Magnum*; we can but mention briefly its leading characteristics. He published the book, he tells us in the preface, because his countrymen were almost wholly unprovided with casuistical treatises, and so "were forced to go down to the forges of the Philistines to sharpen every man his share and his coulter, his axe, and his mattock," and by answers from abroad their needs were very ill supplied. English literature, it is true, in Taylor's time was not absolutely destitute of casuistical works; but none of these older works are comparable in range with the "Ductor Dubitantium," nor do they discuss the grounds of morality with the same completeness. The "Ductor" is not, as is perhaps sometimes imagined, a mere collection of cases and resolutions for the use of those who "direct" souls, such as had been common for many generations in the Roman Church; though it does discuss special cases, it is in the main a treatise on moral philosophy, grounded on the belief that man has an intuitive perception of right and wrong; Taylor teaches, as Abelard had done long before, that the ground of morality is the will of God revealed to us through Conscience, as well as through Holy Scripture; "God is in our hearts by His laws; he rules us by his substitute, our conscience." Conscience therefore is, says Taylor characteristically, "the household guardian, the spirit or angel of the place." On this foundation he builds his ethical edifice. He discusses the various kinds of conscience, distinguishing, perhaps with more subtlety than profit, the right, the confident, the probable, the doubtful, and the scrupulous conscience; thence he proceeds to treat of the obligations of conscience in relation to the natural law, to the ceremonial law, and to the law of Christ; thence to human positive law, whether of states, or of the Church, or of the several families of which states are composed; his last book he devotes to the consideration of the nature and causes of good and evil, and of the efficient and final causes of human actions. It is in that part which relates to the "probable or thinking conscience" that he introduces a magnificent sketch of the probabilities on which faith in Christianity is founded; a sketch which contains some of his most splendid passages. The work is not free from grave

faults; his casuistic reading tended to make him sometimes over-subtle and unreal in his distinctions, he does not always keep a firm grasp of his principles, and his illustrations are sometimes — to say the least injudicious; yet we cannot help admiring the exhaustive learning, the ample illustration, and the eloquence maintained with unflagging vigour to the close. Taylor, as we have already said, was jostled from the course by a crowd of lighter-footed and less-burdened competitors; but if he cannot compete with Butler in calmness and justness of intellect, nor with Paley in clearness of style and arrangement, his work remains unrivalled among English ethical works for breadth of learning and stately harmony of diction.

The work of Taylor's which is, on the whole, most original and characteristic, is undoubtedly the "Liberty of Prophesying," his great plea for freedom in the formation and expression of opinion. In other works Taylor did but adorn forms of literature which were common before his time; but in his plea for toleration he is epoch-making; few had risen to that height of contemplation at which the fainter lines vanished from the surface of the ecclesiastical world, none had expressed with so much vigour and eloquence the thoughts of a large and charitable heart on the divisions of Christendom. In ages to come, Taylor's fame will, perhaps, rest even more on his "Liberty of Prophesying" than his incomparable sermons.

Like many of the greatest works of genius, like Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" and Milton's "Areopagitica," the "Liberty of Prophesying" was an "occasional" work; it was called forth by the necessities of the time. It first made its appearance in 1647, one of the most critical periods of the great struggle. That it had any political end in view we do not believe; but there can be no doubt that Taylor's conviction of the evil of intolerance was quickened by the sight of the miseries inflicted on the country by a war of religion. Only a man whose soul, "like a star, dwelt apart" from the passion and turmoil of the time could have conceived the thought of "persuading the rough and hard-handed soldiers to have disbanded themselves presently," at the voice of charity and reason; if he had been a politician, we should perhaps have smiled at his simplicity; in a Christian preacher we honour the faith in the power of love and truth, which led him to cast his little cruse of oil on the troubled waters, even in their wildest rage.

The argument of the "Liberty of Prophecy" has two ends in view; on the one hand it deals with the great question of terms of communion, and the social and ecclesiastical considerations involved in it; on the other, it discusses the duty of a civil government with respect to the forms of Christianity which exist within its jurisdiction. With regard to the first of these he holds that no dogmas ought to be made necessary conditions for admission to the membership of a church, but such as can be propounded *infallibly*. What then are these dogmas? The greater part of the theological propositions about which Christendom is divided he sets aside, as being either not revealed, or not perfectly clear, or not necessary; the various authorities to which men have attributed infallibility, he sweeps aside in succession; neither ecclesiastical tradition, nor Councils, nor Popes, nor Fathers of the Church, nor the Church itself "in its diffusive capacity," can in his judgment claim immunity from error in interpreting Scripture or propounding dogmatic sentences. How then are we to find guidance for our steps? He answers, following the line of thought which Hooker had indicated half-a-century earlier, "in the due exercise of Reason." The supreme authority of Scripture is assumed throughout the discussion; this being assumed, reason "proceeding upon the best grounds is the best judge." Not that he is unaware that human reason often judges wrongly; but he thinks that its errors, if not wilful, are venial, and he sees that, right or wrong, a man who judges at all must needs use his own judgment, just as a man who sees at all must needs use his own eyes, however imperfect. It may be wisest to choose a guide once for all, and follow him always; still, this choice is the act of the individual reason; and Taylor himself is not well assured "whether intrusting himself wholly with another, be not a laying up his talent in a napkin;"* he fears lest he sin in not using the talent which "is death to hide." The conclusion arrived at is, that no proposition can be laid down as necessary to Christian communion beyond those contained in the Apostles' Creed, which "the Apostles, or the holy men their contemporaries and disciples, composed to be a rule of faith to all Christians.†"

* Sec. 10, s. 3.

† Taylor is perhaps not quite ingenuous in this. Though it be true that a creed, or rule of faith, descended from Apostolic times, he can hardly have supposed that this particular form, and no other, was Apostolic; for he refers to passages in Irenæus, Tertullian, and Cyprian, which are not consistent

With regard to the civil government, Taylor's view appears to be of this kind; that it is no more oppressive for a sovereign prince to require from his subjects the knowledge of that which is open to the "common sense" of mankind in theology, than in morals or politics; a man may as well be presumed to know the leading facts of the Christian revelation, as to know that theft is contrary to law, and that the magistrate is to be obeyed. Hence, his whole discussion relates to those who receive the articles of the Apostles' Creed, the reception of which he had already maintained to be of universal obligation; all who receive these articles are to be tolerated, unless their tenets are such as to be dangerous to the civil government or to public morality. This leads him to discuss the special cases of the Roman Catholics and the Anabaptists. With regard to the former, he will not allow that the mere falsehood of their speculative doctrines is a sufficient reason for persecuting them; the body politic is no judge of dogma; Gallio was right — Taylor was almost alone in that age in thinking so — when he said, "if it be a question of words and names, and of your laws, I will be no judge of such matters;"* but he condemns them for holding principles both leading to ill life and subversive of civil government; and as our duties in respect of morality and obedience to the law of the land are plain and obvious, he who preaches doctrines contrariant to them is to be condemned as a traitor, or a "destroyer of human society." And similarly with regard to the Anabaptists. He will not allow that their objection to infant-baptism is any good reason for persecuting them, or for excluding them from Christian communion; for there is, he holds (rather to the scandal of some of his contemporaries), no command of Scripture, nor even any canon of the Church within the first four centuries, "to oblige children to the suscepcion of it;" but with regard to their opinion on government, he lays it down in the strongest manner that the safety and well-being of the State is, and ought to be, the paramount consideration with the civil ruler, and that, therefore, he cannot tolerate the preaching of such doctrines as "that it is not lawful for princes to put malefactors to death, nor to take up defensive arms, nor to minister on oath, nor to contend

with such a supposition. Compare Coleridge, "Notes on English Divines," i. 209 f.

* Sec. 20, s. 5.

in judgment;" such principles as these "destroy the bands of civil societies, and leave it arbitrary to every vain or vicious person whether man shall be safe, or laws be established, or a murderer hanged, or princes rule;" nay, we must put any sense whatever upon passages of Scripture, which seem to support such doctrines, rather than have it supposed "that Christianity should destroy that which is the only instrument of justice, the restraint of vice and the support of bodies politic."*

In a word Taylor lays it down in the clearest manner, that the civil government is not concerned with opinions, however false or absurd, unless they prejudice the government as such; in that case, they must be suppressed as offences against government, not as speculative opinions. But in all this he contemplates a State composed of none but such as agree in accepting the article of the Apostles' Creed; and this, it may be said, is not complete toleration. True, it is not; but in Taylor's time the acceptance of this theory would in fact have produced almost complete toleration, for in spite of individual aberrations, there was then no sect which would not have accepted the simple statement of the objects of Christian faith contained in the Apostles' Creed; their disputes lay in another region altogether; and if he advocated a scheme which might have put an end to division and persecution then, he is not to be blamed if he did not provide for a state of things which did not exist until long afterwards. His work marks the highest level to which toleration of different opinions had then advanced, for even Milton's treatises† on toleration did not cover all Taylor's ground; and when, some generations later, the proposition to which Taylor's arguments in fact tended, that the State should tolerate all opinions whatever not dangerous to government or to society, was frankly and unconditionally maintained, it was maintained rather on the ground of the indifference of religions, than on the ground that Christianity inculcates the largest charity towards those who merely differ in opinion. Even now, few probably are prepared to receive Taylor's dictum, that involuntary error is not

to be anathematized, and that "heresy is not an error of the understanding, but an error of the will."*

We spoke just now of Milton and his noble defence of toleration. There is on this point so much community of spirit between him and Taylor, that we almost wonder to find them on opposite sides in the great struggle. Yet we ought not to wonder; for the objects which lay nearest the heart of Taylor and Milton alike were the dominant objects with no party; each party was bent upon making its own views prevail, rather than on bringing about that state of government which should best secure the rights of all; and the leading spirits in a disturbed age had naturally more sympathy with the men of action than the men of thought, whose dominant interests were not those of the majority; and in such circumstances the side taken by the more contemplative and wide-reaching spirits is often determined by considerations which have but slight connection with their deepest convictions. Questions of prelacy or no-prelacy sever men who are agreed on the great questions of faith and charity.

But a heavy charge is made against Taylor, that having been an advocate for toleration when the Church of England was oppressed, he abandoned his principles and advocated oppression when the Church of England triumphed. Let us examine this; for, if it be well grounded, it is a deep stain on a great reputation. One ground of this charge, that he so changed the "Liberty of Prophesying" after 1660 as to weaken its characteristic arguments may be at once dismissed. It reappeared in successive editions of his "Controversial Tracts," of which one (the second) was published when he was a bishop and his party triumphant. Changes there are certainly; additions are made in later editions, from books published since the date of the first;† but the argument in favor of toleration is as clear in the last edition as in the first. A more tenable ground of reproach is that Taylor, in his sermon before the Parliament of Ireland in 1661, deprecated the rights of conscience in a manner inconsistent with the liberal principles which he formerly held. But this too is founded on a mistake;

* Sec. 19. It is of course evident, from what is here stated, that the "Anabaptists" of the seventeenth century had nothing in common with the respectable "Baptists" of our day, except their objection to pædo-baptism.

† Moreover, Milton's treatise on "Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes," which contains the most noteworthy coincidences with the "Liberty," did not appear until 1669.

* Sec. 2.

† The famous apologue of Abraham and the fire-worshipper, for instance, taken from a book published in 1651, is found in the second and all subsequent editions. This is illustrative of the widest possible tolerance, and as such was adopted by Benjamin Franklin and by Lord Kaimes from him.

what he does maintain in the sermon in question is simply what is maintained by all jurists, that "tenderness of conscience" cannot be pleaded against the law of the land; if it could, the execution of the law would depend upon individual caprice, and there would, in fact, be an end of all law. And he maintained the very same proposition in the "Liberty of Prophesying" itself; "if the laws be made so malleable as to comply with weak consciences, he that hath a mind to disobey is made impregnable against the coercitive power of the law by this pretence; for a weak conscience signifies nothing in this case but a dislike of the law upon a contrary persuasion."* A man may wish for a change in the law, and yet be anxious that the respect due to existing laws should be maintained. So far, Taylor is not inconsistent; but we are somewhat startled to find him in the sermon inverting his favourite argument from the uncertainty of human opinion. In the "Liberty" he had contended, that in the great uncertainty of opinions, states and churches should enforce upon their members the fewest and simplest opinions possible; in the sermon he contends on the contrary that, as opinion is uncertain, the individual should be ready to resign his own at the bidding of the government, which has prescription in its favour. He exalts to the utmost the prerogative of the King, and it must be confessed that the tone of the sermon is somewhat hard and unsympathizing. The truth probably is, that the preacher thought, not unreasonably, that the first task which lay before the Irish Parliament was to restore order, to which end it was his duty to preach obedience; and his own experience had probably convinced him that to include in one church the Irish Presbyterians and the Irish Prelatists was a consummation rather to be wished than hoped for. He is still careful to maintain that an "opinion which does neither bite nor scratch, if it dwells at home in the house of understanding, and wanders not into the outhouses of passion and popular oration," is not subject to the animadversion of the ruler; but he warns dissidents that it is one thing to be tolerated, another to be endowed and privileged. When they "think they cannot enjoy their conscience unless you give them good livings . . . they do but too evidently declare, that it is not their consciences but their profits they would have

secured."* In truth, his glorious vision of a national church founded simply on the acknowledgment of the great Christian verities, a church in which there should be difference of opinion without wrath and envying, had passed away; his mood was changed, nor is there any need to charge him with insincerity if years of trial had somewhat embittered his gentle spirit. Probably no other prelate of the newly restored Anglo-Irish Church could have been found who would not have declaimed against the late oppressors with far greater vehemence.

To pass from books which, like those we have just been discussing, bear a strong impress of the tumults of the seventeenth century to the devotional works, is like passing from the bustle of a street to the silence of a church. We must content ourselves with but a brief notice of these; for, in truth, prayers, and meditations, and directions for the conduct of Christian men in the most solemn incidents of their lives, are not fair subjects for criticism; the real test of the value of a devotional work is the amount of comfort which it has supplied to generations of earnest worshippers. And there can be no doubt that the "Holy Living," and "Holy Dying," the "Golden Grove," and other like works, have stood this test; they have helped to raise the thought and comfort the hearts of many worshippers. Yet we cannot but believe that men are fast losing the taste for such works as the "Holy Living and Dying;" works, that is, which aim at suggesting the right thoughts, the right actions, and the right prayers under given circumstances. Men like Lord Conway and John Evelyn, women like Lady Carbery and Mrs. Phillips, now-a-days aim rather at that general right-mindedness from which right conduct springs than at the cautious guidance of particular actions. The difference in tone between Taylor's "Holy Living" and Dean Goulburn's "Thoughts on Personal Religion," measures very fairly the difference between the Christian gentleman of Taylor's time and the Christian gentleman of our own.

The "Life of Christ" and the Sermons may be classed together, for they are, in fact, works of the same kind. Of the first, we may say that nothing can be more unlike the "Lives of Jesus" of which we have had more than enough in these latter days. Criticism there is none; Taylor simply arranges the facts of the Lord's

* Sec. 17, s. 1.

* Dedication of the "Sermon before the Parliament."

life in historical sequence, and inserts from time to time discourses on topics suggested by the history. The work may possibly have been suggested by "Vita Jesu Christi" of Ludolphus de Saxonia; but the two works only resemble each other in the circumstance that in both prayers and moral reflections are mixed with the narrative; the discourses themselves, which form the greater portion of Taylor's "Life of Christ," are entirely his own, and differ little in style and manner from those which were published under the title of "Sermons." His object was not to criticize facts or harmonize apparent discrepancies; in an age of strife, when men "hugged their own opinions dressed up in the imagery" of truth, and went on to "schisms and uncharitable names, and too often dipped their feet in blood," he wished to withdraw them from "the serpentine enfoldings and labyrinths of dispute" to contemplate the love and mercy displayed in the "Great Exemplar." To fill "the rooms of the understanding with airy and ineffective notions is just such an excellency as it is in a man to imitate the voice of birds;" but if a man lives "in the religion and fear of God, in justice and love with all the world," he is certain that he will "not fail of that end which is perfective of human nature."*

The discourse in the "Life of Christ" and the sermons contain the richest specimens of their author's gorgeous eloquence. In the polemical and practical treatises the style is comparatively subdued, though even here it is figurative and allusive beyond that of most of his other contemporaries; but in the Sermons he gave the reins to his fancy. He claims for them the praise, that they on subjects of great and universal interest, which are the concern of all. Here and there touches on his favourite pursuit, the resolution of cases of conscience, but generally he confines himself to the tracing of "the greater lines of duty;" he cares but little if any "witty censurer" shall say that he has learned from them nothing but he knew before; for no man ought to be offended, "that sermons are not like curious inquiries after new things, but pursuances of old truths." And his description of his own work is fair enough; the Sermons are in substance, if not in form, plain, practical discourses. The subjects are those on which the greatest amount of common-place has been written and

preached; he discourses of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;" of zeal and prayer, of feasting and marriage, rather than of those abstruse points of metaphysical theology where men "find no end, in wandering mazes lost;" the plans of his Sermons are simple, the topics for the most part obvious, so that an analysis of one of them gives no truer impression of the effect of the whole than an outline of a Titian does of the subtle colouring of the original. It is not ingenuity of structure nor newness of topic that distinguishes the sermons of Taylor; in these respects he is surpassed by many of his contemporaries; it is the extraordinary wealth of illustration which he bestows upon old truths and simple schemes. In no sermons that we know of are obvious truths adorned with so gorgeous an array of thought, and fancy, and learning. His fancy was quick, his reading immense, and his memory retentive; not a subject can be suggested to him but there come trooping into his glowing mind illustrative images; struggles that he has beheld in the civil war; gentle landscapes from Golden Grove; words of Homer and Euripides, of Virgil and Lucan, of Dante and Tasso, of the singers of his own land; stories from the Fathers and the Lives of the Saints, from Hebrew Rabbis or Persian fabulists. Nothing comes amiss to him; he empties his cornucopie before us without stint or grudging; if the plan of his sermon is simple and unpretending, every part of it is garnished and decorated with the most luxuriant wealth of rhetorical and poetic trappings. We may compare one of his discourses to such a country church as we sometimes see in these days, where some loving hand has covered the simple work of village masons with rich carvings, and filled the old windows with "prophets pictured on the panes."

He has often been compared to Chrysostom, and there can be no doubt that the mind of the English preacher was largely influenced by his study of the great orator of Antioch and Constantinople. There is in both the same peculiar union of real earnestness of purpose with rhetorical form and florid imagery; there is the same tendency to a gentle melancholy, and, in spite of the difference of language, there is even a resemblance in style: Taylor's style reflects Chrysostom's in much the same way that Hooker's does Cicero's. But Chrysostom, though exuberant in comparison with Demosthenes, is chaste compared with Taylor; he shows the

* Dedication of the "Life of Christ" to Christopher, Lord Hatton; one of the noblest of Taylor's many excellent dedications.

training of the Athenian schools, which still formed an "academy" of Greek style: he has none of Taylor's multifarious learning; Chrysostom and Photius together might have formed a Jeremy Taylor. In truth we can recall only one other who unites wealth of learning, of fancy, and of expression, in the same degree as Jeremy Taylor — his contemporary, John Milton. The reading of these two extended in great measure over the same fields; we trace in both the same fondness for the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets — the same tendency to decorate Christian thought with Pagan imagery — the same delight in the modulation of long-drawn sentences — the same dissatisfaction with the discords and divisions of an age which must needs discuss prelacy and presbytery, synods, and "classic hierarchies," while government could hardly be maintained, and Christianity itself was in danger. But with these points of likeness, how wide is the gulf between the two men! Nothing can be less like the fiery scorn of Milton than the gentle melancholy of Taylor; while Milton plunges into the arena, eager to enforce his own views of right and truth, unsparing in denunciation of those who oppose him, Taylor tenderly laments the evils of the time, and would fain persuade men and set them at one again: in Milton we are always conscious of strong will and fixed resolve; Taylor sometimes seems to be hardly master of himself, to float passively on the full stream of his own learning and fancy. It is hardly likely that the two great masters of English prose were known to each other personally; in early Cambridge days, no doubt, the young scholar of Caius may have met face to face the scholar of Christ's, though in after times it is difficult to imagine that Cromwell's secretary can have had occasion to meet King Charles's chaplain. But with each other's works they were no doubt acquainted: it is not to be supposed that so omnivorous a reader as Taylor would remain ignorant of his great contemporary's "Allegro," and "Comus," and "Lycidas," or that Milton would neglect a work which in many respects so chimes with his own humour as the "Liberty of Prophesying." Taylor seems to show an acquaintance with one at least of Milton's early works, when, speaking of the triumphs of Christianity, he says that "the holy Jesus made invisible powers to do him visible honours," and that "His apostles hunted demons from their tripods, their navels, their dens, their hollow

pipes, their altars," and that "he made their oracles silent;* words in which we trace an echo of the well-known lines of the "Ode on the Nativity": —

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice nor hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving,"

And Heber would fain persuade us that Milton had Taylor in his eye when he spoke of —

"Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent

Would have been held in high esteem by Paul,"

who yet had been "branded heretics" by such as Edwards; and certainly we can hardly help supposing that Taylor's eloquent treatise would be more attractive to Milton than those of Goodwin and Peters, which shared the wrath of Rutherford and "Scotch What-d'ye-call."

In respect of his similes Taylor is the very Homer of preachers. His style is commonly metaphorical and allusive, but here and there, when he hits upon an image of unusual beauty, he seems unwilling to leave it with a mere touch, and elaborates it into a distinct and glowing picture. Sometimes his similes are wrought out from an anecdote in some recondite book, and these certainly, however they may adorn, do not render the subject more easy of apprehension to an ordinary intelligence; but the most beautiful are those which are drawn from natural objects. He evidently delighted in the varied beauty of country scenes; the sky and the clouds, the woods and vales and streams, the ever-new phenomena of the growth and decay of plants filled his soul with admiration and love. With the example of Thompson before us, who is said to have written in bed his famous description of morning, we hesitate to infer a man's habits from his imaginative writings; yet it is difficult not to believe that Taylor delighted in the dewy freshness of sunrise and the song of the early lark. His comparison of the ascent of the Christian's prayer to the rising of the lark — sometimes soaring, sometimes beaten back by rough winds — is too well known for quotation. He more than once uses the sunrise as an illustration, and manages it with great felicity. In the "Holy Dying,"† he says that reason gradually dawns on the soul, —

* "Duct Dubit," Book I., c. iv. s. 22. The coincidence is noted by Mr. Willmott.

† Ch. I., sec. iii. s. 2.

"As when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to mattins, and by-and-by gilds the fringes of a cloud and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly."

The same simile is again used, with excellent effect, to illustrate the gradual spread of Christianity over the world:—

"I have seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the powers of darkness, and, without violence and noise climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire, that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightfulness of the morning: and Christianity, without violence or armies. . . . with obedience and charity, with praying and dying, did insensibly turn the world into Christian and persecution into victory."*

A good instance of Taylor's strength and weakness in the management of comparisons is found in the very beautiful simile by which he illustrates the calm sweet life of Lady Carbery†:—

"In all her religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding toward her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion. So have I seen a river deep and smooth passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the Fiscus, the great exchequer of the sea, the prince of all watery bodies, a tribute large and full; and hard by it a little brook skipping and making a noise upon its unequal and neighbour bottom; and after all its talking and bragged motion, it paid to its common audit no more than the revenues of a little cloud or a contemptible vessel. So have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed out-sides of another's piety."

The first clause of this passage is contrasted by Keble‡ with Burke's famous description of Marie Antoinette, in the first freshness of her queenly beauty, rising like the morning-star above the horizon. He quotes it as an instance of the poetical as opposed to the rhetorical treatment of imagery. And it serves that purpose ad-

mirably; the image is beautiful in itself, well adapted to illustrate the thought, and sufficiently suggested by the mere use of words "sliding toward her ocean." More than this offends our modern sense; but if we concede to the florid taste of the preacher's age that he was justified in expanding his beautiful metaphor into a simile, we must still protest against the introduction of another figure within it; the words "fiscus," "exchequer," "prince," "tribute," "audit," though quite of the kind which even Milton himself might have used upon a fit occasion, must surely be felt as jarring notes here. In a word, the passage suffers, like many others, from Taylor's unpruned exuberance; he is not content to suggest an image, he must give it in detail; he gives us so fully the work of his own imagination that he leaves nothing for ours, which is always a mistake in art. He wanted, in a far greater degree than Shakespeare, "the art to blot," and few men needed it more.*

The following comparison, illustrating the blessing of God's chastisements, which seems to us nearly perfect in all its parts, is besides worthy of note from the fact that Southey transferred it entire to "Thalaba."—

"I have known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine-press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but when the Lord of the vineyard had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant and make it bleed, it grew temperate in its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made account of the loss of blood by return of fruit."

Here is Southey's version:—

"Repine not, O my son, the old man replied,
That Heaven hath chastened thee. Behold
this vine!
I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength
Had swoln into irregular twigs
And bold excrescences,
And spent itself in leaves and little rings;

* It is interesting to compare the use of the same figure by another great master of imagination, Walter Scott. "'Murmurer that thou art,' said Morton, in the enthusiasm of his reverie, 'why chafe with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There is a sea to receive thee in its bosom, and there is an eternity for man, when his fretful and hasty course through the vale of time shall be ceased and over. What thy petty fannings are to the deep and vast billows of a shoreless ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows to the objects which must occupy us through the awful and boundless succession of ages.'"—"Old Mortality."

* Sermon on the "Faith and Patience of the Saints," 1714, l. 1.

† In the Funeral Sermon on Lady Carbery.

‡ "Prælectiones Academicæ," l. 39.

So in the flourish of its wantonness
 Wasting the sap and strength
 That should have given forth fruit.
 But when I pruned the plant,
 Then it grew temperate in its vain expense
 Of useless leaves, and knotted as thou seest,
 Into those full clear clusters, to repay
 The hand that wisely wounded it."*

The laureate, who fully acknowledged his appropriation of the image, altered as little as possible what he himself called Taylor's "unimprovable" language; yet the whole passage has in Southey a heaviness which it has not in Taylor: Taylor was, in truth, much the better poet of the two.

Such beauties as those which we have quoted meet us everywhere in Taylor's sermons and practical works: his fancy always glows; yet it must needs be confessed that his superabundant illustrations, especially those which are drawn from books, very much detract from the impression of earnestness which a sermon ought to produce. They give to his discourses the appearance of *ἐπιδείξεις*, or show-speeches, rather than of the didactic and persuasive oratory which ought to characterize the utterances of a Christian preacher. After making all possible allowance for the florid and learned style of the seventeenth century, we cannot but feel that the preacher is rather amusing than persuading or instructing us when, inveighing against luxury, he tells us that there are, "in the shades below no numbering of healths by the numeral letters of Philenium's name, no fat mullets, no oysters of Lucrinus, no Lesbian of Chian wines," and bids us "now enjoy the delicacies of nature, and feel the descending wines distilled through the limbeck of thy tongue and larynx, and seek the delicious juices of fishes, the marrow of the laborious ox, the tender lard of Apulian swine, and the condit bellies of the scarus," and speaks desiring "to have the wealth of Susa, or garments stained with the blood of the Tyrian fish, or to feed like Philoxenus, or to have tables loaded like the boards of Vitellius." It is not to much purpose that he tells an English congregation, speaking of the somewhat more delicate food which is necessary for the mental activity of the student, that "neither will the pulse and the leeks, Lavinian sausages and the Cisalpine suckets or gobbets of condit bull's flesh, minister such delicate spirits to the thinking man." In a very remarkable description of the Last Judgment,

ment, there shall come together, he says, "all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all the world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates."* It seems to us a perversity to spoil a striking passage with those "principalities and small exarchates:" they add nothing to the picture; on the contrary, they draw off the attention from the thronging multitudes to the curious nicety of the describer. And such instances as these are not isolated; we can hardly read a discourse without finding its solemnity marred here and there by illustrations which remind us rather too forcibly of the ingenuity and learning of the preacher.

The truth is, we are afraid we must needs confess it, that Taylor's "linked sweetness long drawn out" tends here and there to mawkishness: the banquet of sweets is too much for us; we long for plain wholesome fare. And this tendency is very much increased by the preacher's singular want of humour. We may perhaps do him injustice; his face might perhaps have suggested his perception of the ludicrous side of some passages in his sermons, if we could have seen him deliver them; but whatever the subject, he never smiles at us from the printed page. In the peroration of the "Holy Dying," where he is dissuading us from excessive grief at the death of friends, he does not seem to perceive the exquisite incongruity of that choice story from Petronius about the Ephesian widow who was so remarkably consoled, though he tells it in a manner not unworthy of Boccaccio. He illustrates the folly of a rash marriage by the following apologue:—

"The stags in the Greek Epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound

* "Christ's Advent," Serm. I. s. 1. He was fond of these "exarchates." In the "Holy Dying," (ch. I. sec. iv. s. 4) he speaks of the ants dividing their little mole-hills into provinces and exarchates. Here, however, the big word contrasts well with the little subject; we feel the ants' assumption of dignity.

* "Thalaba," Book viii. st. 17.

to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness."

His manner betrays here no sense of drollery; and yet his audience must have been made of sterner stuff than we are if they did not smile at this quaint description of the unfortunate case of those who rush from the ills of celibacy to "others that they know not of."

Yet this want of humour was not incompatible with a great power of sarcasm; in the "Dissuasive from Popery," in particular he directs against certain practices of the Roman Church and its various orders a sarcastic irony not unworthy to be compared with Pascal's. And if in his stately solemnity Taylor sometimes indulges in overmuch amplification, he shows himself nevertheless, upon occasion, a master of terse, vigorous, vernacular phraseology. His controversial treatises are not written in the florid style of his sermons; in truth, nothing is more remarkable than the instinctive tact with which he adapts the style to the subject, though, no doubt, his strain is always pitched in a key somewhat too high for modern ears. Nor does his exuberant fancy preclude the exercise of remarkable keenness and subtlety. Mr. Hallam thought that Taylor could never have made a great lawyer. We are by no means of his opinion. The author of the "Ductor Dubitantium" might surely have been a great equity lawyer; and both his excellences and his defects fitted him for the profession of an advocate. For he is always rather rhetorician than philosopher; he does not reason up to his conclusions; he takes a proposition and defends it by ingenious arguments; and he shows great skill in discovering and at-

tacking the weak points in his opponent's case. When we add to these qualifications his power of "getting up" a subject and of finding apt language and ready illustration, we surely have before us the very ideal of a successful candidate for the highest honours of the bar. But we believe that a genuine vocation brought Taylor into the ranks of the priesthood; he could not have borne to waste his splendid powers on fines and recoveries, or in making the worse appear the better reason; his arguments may sometimes be rather specious than sound, but they are always employed in favour of what he believed to be just, and true, and noble.

His great defect is a certain want of masculine firmness and vigour; his intellect and fancy are dominant over his will. Hence, we sometimes desiderate a greater force of rough moral indignation; he disapproves rather than condemns; he rather shows the ugliness of evil than dashes it from him as a twining monster; perhaps he hardly knew it nearly enough to be really moved to loathe its deformity. Where Milton would thunder and South would spurn, Taylor deprecates. But apart from this cardinal defect, how noble is his character! He is unstained, so far as we know, by any suspicion of intrigue or meanness; his personal sweetness and attractiveness seem to have been as manifest as Shakspeare's; we can well imagine the gentler spirits of a disturbed time joyfully adopting him as a "ghostly father." As long, probably, as Englishmen retain a taste for elevated thought, pure aspiration, and quaint imagery clothed in rich and ornate diction, so long will Jeremy Taylor retain his high place in our literature.

We learn from a correspondent in New Zealand that footprints of the Moa have recently been detected in a new district in the province of Auckland. The locality is at the mouth of the Waikenei Creek, near the settlement of Gisborne, Poverty Bay, near the Tararua River. The slabs in which the impressions were found were about five feet below a deposit of silt and alluvium of different kinds which had been washed away by the action of the water, leaving the stone in which the footprints were found visible, very plainly indented and following each other in succession. On either side of this track were dents here and there, as though made by the bird's short beak in picking up

food as he walked—the closeness of the stride favouring this belief. Hard by this spot Mr. Worgan picked up an old stone hatchet, which, from the signs of traces it bears, is doubtless as ancient as the tracks of the Moa. Casts of these footprints have been presented to the museum of the Auckland Institute. The length of the footmark from the heel to the tip of the centre toe was seven and seven-eighths inches; from the heel to the tips of the inner and outer toes, six inches; the distance of tips of the outer and inner toes was seven inches; the length of the stride was twenty inches from heel to heel, and there were eight impressions altogether.

Nature.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARY OSBORNE.

ALL this time the acquaintance between Mary Osborne and myself had not improved. Save as the sister of my friend I had not, I repeat, found her interesting. She did not seem at all to fulfil the promise of her childhood. Hardly once did she address me; and, when I spoke to her, would reply with a simple, dull directness, which indicated nothing beyond the fact of the passing occasion. Rightly or wrongly, I concluded that the more indulgence she cherished for Charley, the less she felt for his friend—that to him she attributed the endlessly sad declension of her darling brother. Once on her face I surprised a look of unutterable sorrow resting on Charley's; but the moment she saw that I observed her, the look died out, and her face stiffened into its usual dullness and negation. On me, she turned only the unenlightened disc of her soul. Mrs. Osborne, whom I seldom saw, behaved with much more kindness, though hardly more cordiality. It was only that she allowed her bright indulgence for Charley to cast the shadow of his image over the faults of his friend; and, except by the sadness that dwelt in every line of her sweet face, she did not attract me. I was ever aware of an inward judgment which I did not believe I deserved, and I would turn from her look with a sense of injury which greater love would have changed into keen pain.

Once, however, I did meet a look of sympathy from Mary. On the second Monday of the fortnight I was more anxious than ever to reach the end of my labours, and was in the court, accompanied by Charley, as early as eight o'clock. From the hall a dark passage led past the door of the dining-room to the garden. Through the dark tube of the passage, we saw the bright green of a lovely bit of sward, and upon it Mary and Clara radiant in white morning dresses. We joined them.

"Here come the slave-drivers!" remarked Clara.

"Already!" said Mary, in a low voice, which I thought had a tinge of dismay in its tone.

"Never mind, Polly," said her companion, "we're not going to bow to their will and pleasure. We'll have our walk in spite of them."

As she spoke she threw a glance at us which seemed to say—"You may come if you like;" then turned to

Mary with another which said: "We shall see whether they prefer old books or young ladies."

Charley looked at me—interrogatively.

"Do as you like, Charley," I said.

"I will do as you do," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I have no right——"

"Oh, bother!" said Clara—"You're so magnificent always with your rights and wrongs! Are you coming, or are you not?"

"Yes, I'm coming," I replied, convicted by Clara's directness, for I was quite ready to go.

We crossed the court, and strolled through the park, which was of great extent, in the direction of a thick wood, covering a rise towards the east. The morning air was perfectly still; there was a little dew on the grass, which shone rather than sparkled; the sun was burning through a light fog, which grew deeper as we approached the wood; the decaying leaves filled the air with their sweet, mournful scent. Through the wood went a wide opening or glade, stretching straight and far towards the east, and along this we walked, with that exhilaration which the fading autumn so strangely bestows. For some distance the ground ascended softly, but the view was finally closed in by a more abrupt swell, over the brow of which the mist hung in dazzling brightness.

Notwithstanding the gaiety of animal spirits produced by the season, I felt unusually depressed that morning. Already, I believe, I was beginning to feel the home-born sadness of the soul whose wings are weary and whose foot can find no firm soil on which to rest. Sometimes I think the wonder is that so many men are never sad. I doubt if Charley would have suffered so but for the wrongs his father's selfish religion had done him; which perhaps were therefore so far well, inasmuch as otherwise he might not have cared enough about religion even to doubt concerning it. But in my case now, it may have been only the unsatisfying presence of Clara, haunted by a dim regret that I could not love her more than I did. For with regard to her, my soul was like one who in a dream of delight sees outspread before him a wide river, wherein he makes haste to plunge that he may disport himself in the fine element; but, wading eagerly, alas! finds not a single pool deeper than his knees.

"What's the matter with you, Wilfrid?" said Charley, who, in the midst of some gay talk, suddenly perceived my

silence. — "You seem to lose all your spirits away from your precious library. I do believe you grudge every moment not spent upon those ragged old books."

"I wasn't thinking of that, Charley; I was wondering what lies beyond that mist."

"I see! — A chapter of the Pilgrim's Progress! Here we are — Mary, you're Christiana, and, Clara, you're Mercy. Wilfrid you're — what? — I should have said Hopeful any other day, but this morning you look like — let me see — like Mr. Ready-to-Halt. The celestial city lies behind that fog — doesn't it Christiana?"

"I don't like to hear you talk so, Charley," said his sister, smiling in his face.

"They ain't in the Bible," he returned.

"No — and I shouldn't mind if you were only merry, but you know you are scoffing at the story, and I love it — so I can't be pleased to hear you."

"I beg your pardon, Mary — but your celestial city lies behind such a fog, that not one crystal turret, one pearly gate of it was ever seen. At least we have never caught a glimmer of it; and must go tramp, tramp — we don't know whither, any more than the blind puppy that has crawled too far from his mother's side."

"I do see the light of it, Charley dear," said Mary sadly — not as if the light were any great comfort to her at the moment.

"If you do see something — how can you tell what it's the light of? It may come from the city of Dis, for anything you know."

"I don't know what that is."

"Oh! the red-hot city — down below. You will find all about it in Dante."

"It doesn't look like that — the light I see," said Mary quietly.

"How very ill-bred you are — to say such wicked things, Charley!" said Clara.

"Am I? They are better unmentioned. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! Only don't allude to the unpleasant subject."

He burst out singing: the verses were poor, but I will give them.

"Let the sun shimmer!
Let the wind blow!
All is a notion —
What do we know?"

Let the moon glimmer!
Let the stream flow!
All is but motion
To and fro!

"Let the rose wither!
Let the stars glow!
Let the rain batter —
Drift sleet and snow!
Bring the tears hither!
Let the smiles go!
What does it matter?
To and fro!

"To and fro ever,
Motion and show!
Nothing goes onward —
Hurry or no!
All is one river —
Seaward, and so
Up again sunward —
To and fro!

"Pendulum sweeping
High, and now low!
That stai — *tac*, blot it!
Tac, let it go!
Time, he is reaping
Hay for his mow;
That flower — he's got it!
To and fro!

"Such a scythe swinging
Mighty and slow!
Ripping and slaying —
Hey nonny no!
Black Ribs is singing —
Chorus — Hey, ho!
What is he saying —
To and fro?

"Singing and saying
'Grass is hay — ho!
Love is a longing;
Water is snow.'
Swinging and swaying,
Toll the bells go!
Dinging and donging
To and fro!"

"Oh, Charley!" said his sister with suppressed agony, "what a wicked song!"

"It is a wicked song," I said. "But I meant — it only represents an unbelieving, hopeless mood."

"You wrote it then!" she said, giving me — as it seemed, involuntarily — a look of reproach.

"Yes, I did; but —"

"Then I think you are very horrid," said Clara, interrupting.

"Charley!" I said, "you must not leave your sister to think so badly of me! You know why I wrote it — and what I meant."

"I wish I had written it myself," he returned. "I think it splendid. Anybody might envy you that song."

"But you know I didn't mean it for a true one."

"Who knows whether it is true or false?"

"I know," said Mary: "I know it is false."

"And I hope it," I adjoined.

"Whatever put such horrid things in your head, Wilfrid?" asked Clara.

"Probably the fear lest they should be true. The verses came as I sat in a country church once, not long ago."

"In a church!" exclaimed Mary.

"Oh! he does go to church sometimes," said Charley with a laugh.

"How could you think of it in church?" persisted Mary.

"It's more like the churchyard," said Clara.

"It was in an old church in a certain desolate sea-forsaken town," I said. "The pendulum of the clock—a huge, long, heavy, slow thing, hangs far down into the church, and goes swing, swang over your head, three or four seconds to every swing. When you have heard the *tic*, your heart grows faint every time between—waiting for the *tac*, which seems as if it would never come."

We were ascending the acclivity, and no one spoke again before we reached the top. There a wide landscape lay stretched before us. The mist was rapidly melting away before the gathering strength of the sun: as we stood and gazed we could see it vanishing. By slow degrees the colours of the autumn woods dawned out of it. Close under us lay a great wave of gorgeous red—beeches I think—in the midst of which, here and there, stood up, tall and straight and dark, the unchanging green of a fir-tree. The glow of a hectic death was over the landscape, melting away into the misty fringe of the far horizon. Overhead the sky was blue with a clear thin blue that told of withdrawing suns and coming frosts.

"For my part," I said, "I cannot believe that beyond this loveliness there lies no greater. Who knows, Charley, but death may be the first recognizable step of the progress of which you despair?"

It was then I caught the look from Mary's eye, for the sake of which I have recorded the little incidents of the morning. But the same moment the look faded, and the veil or the mask fell over her face.

"I am afraid," she said, "if there has

been no progress before, there will be little indeed after."

Now of all things, I hated the dogmatic theology of the party in which she had been brought up, and I turned from her with silent dislike.

"Really," said Clara, "you gentlemen have been very entertaining this morning. One would think Polly and I had come out for a stroll with a couple of undertaker's-men. There's surely time enough to think of such things yet! None of us are at death's door exactly."

"Sweet remembrancer!" — Who knows?" said Charley.

"Now I, to comfort him," I followed, quoting Mrs. Quickly concerning Sir John Falstaff. "bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.'"

"I beg your pardon," said Mary — "there was no word of Him in the matter."

"I see," said Clara: "you meant that at me, Wilfrid. But I assure you I am no heathen. I go to church regularly — once a Sunday when I can, and twice when I can't help it. That's more than you do, Mr. Cumbermede, I suspect."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"I can't imagine you enjoying anything but the burial service."

"It is to my mind the most consoling of them all," I answered.

"Well, I haven't reached the point of wanting that consolation yet, thank heaven."

"Perhaps some of us would rather have the consolation than give thanks that we didn't need it," I said.

"I can't say I understand you, but I know you mean something disagreeable. Polly, I think we had better go home to breakfast."

Mary turned and we all followed. Little was said on the way home. We divided in the hall — the ladies to breakfast, and we to our work.

We had not spoken for an hour, when Charley broke the silence.

"What a brute I am, Wilfrid!" he said. "Why shouldn't I be as good as Jesus Christ? It seems always as if a man might. But just look at me! Because I was miserable myself, I went and made my poor little sister twice as miserable as she was before. She'll never get over what I said this morning."

"It was foolish of you, Charley."

"It was brutal. I am the most selfish creature in the world — always taken up with myself. I do believe there is a devil,

after all. *I am a devil.* And the universal self is *the devil*. If there were such a thing as a self always giving itself away — that self would be God."

"Something very like the God of Christianity, I think."

"If it were so, there would be a chance for us. We might then one day give the finishing blow to the devil in us. But no: *he* does all for his own glory."

"It depends on what his glory is. If what the self-seeking self would call glory, then I agree with you — that is not the God we need. But if his glory should be just the opposite — the perfect giving of himself away — then —. Of course I know nothing about it. My uncle used to say things like that."

He did not reply, and we went on with our work. Neither of the ladies came near us again that day.

Before the end of the week, the library was in tolerable order to the eye, though it could not be perfectly arranged until the commencement of a catalogue should be as the dawn of a consciousness in the half-restored mass.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A STORM.

So many books of rarity and value had revealed themselves, that it was not difficult to make Sir Giles comprehend in some degree the importance of such a possession: he had grown more and more interested as the work went on; and even Lady Brotherton, although she much desired to have at least the oldest and most valuable of the books rebound in red morocco first, was so far satisfied with what she was told concerning the worth of the library, that she determined to invite some of the neighbours to dinner, for the sake of showing it. The main access to it was to be by the armoury; and she had that side of the gallery round the hall which led thither, covered with a thick carpet.

Meantime Charley had looked over all the papers in my chest, but, beyond what I have already stated, no fact of special interest was brought to light.

In sending an invitation to Charley, Lady Brotherton could hardly avoid sending me one as well: I doubt whether I should otherwise have been allowed to enjoy the admiration bestowed on the result of my labours.

The dinner was formal and dreary enough: the geniality of one of the heads

of a household is seldom sufficient to give character to an entertainment.

"They tell me you are a buyer of books, Mr. Alderforge," said Mr. Mollet to the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, as we sat over our wine.

"Quite a mistake," returned Mr. Alderforge. "I am a reader of books."

"That of course! But you buy them first — don't you?"

"Not always. I sometimes borrow them."

"That I never do. If a book is worth borrowing, it is worth buying."

"Perhaps — if you can afford it. But many books that book-buyers value, I count worthless — for all their wide margins and uncut leaves."

"Will you come and have a look at Sir Giles's library?" I ventured to say.

"I never heard of a library at Moldwarp Hall, Sir Giles," said Mr. Mollet.

"I am given to understand there is a very valuable one," said Mr. Alderforge. "I shall be glad to accompany you, sir," he added, turning to me, "— if Sir Giles will allow us."

"You cannot have a better guide than Mr. Cumbermede," said Sir Giles. "I am indebted to him almost for the discovery — altogether for the restoration of the library."

"Assisted by Miss Brotherton and her friends, Sir Giles," I said.

"A son of Mr. Cumbermede of Lowdon Farm, I presume?" said Alderforge, bowing interrogatively.

"A nephew," I answered.

"He was a most worthy man. — By the way, Sir Giles, your young friend here must be a distant connection of your own. I found in some book or other lately, I forget where at the moment, that there were Cumbermedes at one time in Moldwarp Hall."

"Yes — about two hundred years ago, I believe. It passed to our branch of the family some time during the troubles of the seventeenth century — I hardly know how — I am not much of an historian."

I thought of my precious volume, and the name on the title-page. That book might have once been in the library of Moldwarp Hall. If so, how had it strayed into my possession — alone, yet more to me than all that was left behind?

We betook ourselves to the library. The visitors expressed themselves astonished at its extent, and the wealth which even a glance revealed — for I took care to guide their notice to its richest veins.

"When it is once arranged," I said, "I

fancy there will be few private libraries to stand a comparison with it—I am thinking of old English literature, and old editions: there is not a single volume of the present century in it, so far as I know."

I had had a few old sconces fixed here and there, but as yet there were no means of really lighting the rooms. Hence, when a great flash of lightning broke from a cloud that hung over the park right in front of the windows, it flooded them with a dazzling splendour. I went to find Charley, for the library was the best place to see the lightning from. As I entered the drawing-room, a tremendous peal of thunder burst over the house, causing so much consternation amongst the ladies, that, for the sake of company, they all followed to the library. Clara seemed more frightened than any. Mary was perfectly calm. Charley was much excited. The storm grew in violence. We saw the lightning strike a tree which stood alone a few hundred yards from the house. When the next flash came, half of one side seemed torn away. The wind rose, first in fierce gusts, then into a tempest, and the rain poured in torrents.

"None of you can go home to-night, ladies," said Sir Giles. "You must make up your minds to stop where you are. Few horses would face such a storm as that."

"It would be to tax your hospitality too grievously, Sir Giles," said Mr. Alderforge. "I daresay it will clear up by and by, or at least moderate sufficiently to let us get home."

"I don't think there's much chance of that," returned Sir Giles. "The barometer has been steadily falling for the last three days. My dear, you had better give your orders at once."

"You had better stop, Charley," I said.

"I won't if you go," he returned.

Clara was beside.

"You must not think of going," she said.

Whether she spoke to him or me, I did not know, but as Charley made no answer—

"I cannot stop without being asked," I said, "and it is not at all likely that any one will take the trouble to ask me to stay."

The storm increased. At the request of the ladies, the gentlemen left the library and accompanied them to the drawing-room for tea. Our hostess asked Clara to sing, but she was too frightened to comply.

"You will sing, Mary, if Lady Brotherton asks you, I know," said Mrs. Osborne.

"Do, my dear," said Lady Brotherton; and Mary at once complied.

"I had never heard her sing, and did not expect much. But although she had little execution, there was, I found, a wonderful charm both in her voice and the simplicity of her mode. I did not feel this at first, nor could I tell when the song began to lay hold upon me, but when it ceased, I found that I had been listening intently. I have often since tried to recall it, but as yet it has eluded all my efforts. I still cherish the hope that it may return some night in a dream, or in some waking moment of quiescent thought, when what we call the brain works as it were of itself, and the spirit allows it play.

The close was lost in a louder peal of thunder than had yet burst. Charley and I went again to the library to look out on the night. It was dark as pitch, except when the lightning broke and revealed everything for one intense moment.

"I think sometimes," said Charley, "that death will be like one of those flashes, revealing everything in hideous fact—for just one moment and no more."

"How for one moment and no more, Charley?" I asked.

"Because the sight of the truth concerning itself must kill the soul, if there be one, with disgust at its own vileness, and the miserable contrast between its aspirations and attainments, its pretences and its efforts. At least, that would be the death fit for a life like mine—a death of disgust at itself. We claim immortality; we cringe and cower with fear that immortality may *not* be the destiny of man; and yet we—I—do things unworthy not merely of immortality, but unworthy of the butterfly existence of a single day in such a world as this sometimes seems to be. Just think how I stabbed at my sister's faith this morning—careless of making her as miserable as myself! Because my father has put into her mind his fancies, and I hate them, I wound again the heart which they wound, and which cannot help their presence!"

"But the heart that can be sorry for an action is far above the action, just as her heart is better than the notions that haunt it."

"Sometimes I hope so. But action determines character. And it is all such a muddle! I don't care much about what they call immortality. I doubt if it is worth the having. I would a thousand

times rather have one day of conscious purity of heart and mind and soul and body, than an eternity of such a life as I have now.—What am I saying?" he added, with a despairing laugh. "It is a fool's comparison; for an eternity of the former would be bliss—one moment of the latter is misery."

I could but admire and pity my poor friend both at once.

Miss Pease had entered unheard.

"Mr. Cumbermede," she said, "I have been looking for you to show you your room. It is not the one I should like to have got for you, but Mrs. Wilson says you have occupied it before, and I daresay you will find it comfortable enough."

"Thank you, Miss Pease. I am sorry you should have taken the trouble. I can go home well enough. I am not afraid of a little rain."

"A little rain!" said Charley, trying to speak lightly.

"Well, any amount of rain," I said.

"But the lightning!"—expostulated Miss Pease in a timid voice.

"I am something of a fatalist, Miss Pease," I said. "Every bullet has its billet, you know. Besides if I had a choice, I think I would rather die by lightning than any other way."

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Cumbermede.—Oh! what a flash!"

"I was not speaking irreverently, I assure you," I replied.—"I think I had better set out at once, for there seems no chance of its clearing."

"I am sure Sir Giles would be distressed if you did."

"He will never know, and I dislike giving trouble."

"The room is ready. I will show you where it is, that you may go when you like."

"If Mrs. Wilson says it is a room I have occupied before, I know the way quite well."

"There are two ways to it," she said. "But of course one of them is enough," she added with a smile. "Mr. Osborne, your room is in another part quite."

"I know where my sister's room is," said Charley. "Is it anywhere near hers?"

"That is the room you are to have. Miss Osborne is to be with your mamma, I think. There is plenty of accommodation, only the notice was short."

I began to button my coat.

"Don't go, Wilfrid," said Charley. "You might give offence. Besides, if you stay, you will have the advantage of get-

ting to work as early as you please in the morning."

It was late, and I was tired—consequently less inclined than usual to encounter a storm, for in general I enjoyed being in any commotion of the elements. Also, I felt I should like to pass another night in that room, and have besides the opportunity of once more examining at my leisure the gap in the tapestry.

"Will you meet me early in the library, Charley?" I said.

"Yes—to be sure I will—as early as you like."

"Let us go to the drawing-room then."

"Why should you, if you are tired, and want to go to bed?"

"Because Lady Brotherton will not like my being included in the invitation. She will think it absurd of me not to go home."

"There is no occasion to go near her then."

"I do not choose to sleep in the house without knowing that she knows it."

We went. I made my way to Lady Brotherton. Clara was standing near her.

"I am much obliged by your hospitality, Lady Brotherton," I said. "It is rather a rough night to encounter in evening dress."

She bowed.

"The distance is not great, however," I said, "and perhaps——"

"Out of the question!" said Sir Giles, who came up at the moment.

"Will you see then, Sir Giles, that a room is prepared for your guest?" she said.

"I trust that is unnecessary," he replied. "I gave orders."—But as he spoke he went towards the bell.

"It is all arranged, I believe, Sir Giles," I said. "Mrs. Wilson has already informed me which is my room. Good night, Sir Giles."

He shook hands with me kindly. I bowed to Lady Brotherton, and retired.

It may seem foolish to record such mere froth of conversation, but I want my reader to understand how a part at least of the family of Moldwarp Hall regarded me.

CHAPTER XL.

A DREAM.

MY room looked dreary enough. There was no fire, and the loss of the patch of tapestry from the wall, gave the whole an air of dilapidation. The wind howled fearfully in the chimney and about the door on the roof, and the rain came down

on the leads like the distant trampling of many horses. But I was not in an imaginative mood. Charley was again my trouble. I could not bear him to be so miserable. Why was I not as miserable as he, I asked myself. Perhaps I ought to be, for although certainly I hoped more, I could not say I believed more than he. I wished more than ever that I did believe, for then I should be able to help him — I was sure of that; but I saw no possible way of arriving at belief. Where was the proof? Where even the hope of a growing probability?

With these thoughts drifting about in my brain, like waifs which the tide will not let go, I was poring over the mutilated forms of the tapestry round the denuded door, with an expectation, almost a conviction, that I should find the fragment still hanging on the wall of the kitchen at the Moat the very piece wanted to complete the broken figures. When I had them well fixed in my memory, I went to bed, and lay pondering over the several broken links which indicated some former connection between the Moat and the Hall, until I fell asleep, and began to dream strange wild dreams, of which the following was the last.

I was in a great palace, wandering hither and thither, and meeting no one. A weight of silence brooded in the place. From hall to hall I went, along corridor and gallery, and up and down endless stairs. I knew that in some room near me was one whose name was Athanasia, — a maiden, I thought in my dream, whom I had known and loved for years but had lately lost — I knew not how. Somewhere here she was, if only I could find her! From room to room I went seeking her. Every room I entered bore some proof that she had just been there — but there she was not. In one lay a veil, in another a handkerchief, in a third a glove; and all were scented with a strange entrancing odour, which I had never known before, but which in certain moods I can to this day imperfectly recall. I followed and followed until hope failed me utterly, and I sat down and wept. But while I wept, hope dawned afresh, and I rose and again followed the quest, until I found myself in a little chapel like that of Moldwarp Hall. It was filled with the sound of an organ, distance-faint, and the thin music was the same as the odour of the handkerchief which I carried in my bosom. I tried to follow the sound, but the chapel grew and grew as I wandered, and I came no nearer to its source. At last the altar rose

before me on my left, and through the bowed end of the aisle I passed behind it into the lady-chapel. There against the outer wall stood a dusky ill-defined shape. Its head rose above the sill of the eastern window, and I saw it against the rising moon. But that and the whole figure were covered with a thick drapery; I could see nothing of the face, and distinguish little of the form.

"Who art thou?" I asked trembling.

"I am Death — dost thou not know me?" answered the figure, in a sweet though worn and weary voice. "Thou hast been following me all thy life, and hast followed me hither."

Then I saw through the lower folds of the cloudy garment, which grew thin and gauze-like as I gazed, a huge iron door, with folding leaves, and a great iron bar across them.

"Art thou at thy own door?" I asked. "Surely thy house cannot open under the eastern window of the church?"

"Follow and see," answered the figure.

Turning, it drew back the bolt, threw wide the portals, and low-stooing entered. I followed, not into the moonlit night, but through a cavernous opening into darkness. If my Athanasia were down with Death, I would go with Death, that I might at least end with her. Down and down I followed the veiled figure, down flight after flight of stony stairs, through passages like those of the catacombs, and again down steep straight stairs. At length it stopped at another gate, and with beating heart I heard what I took for bony fingers fumbling with a chain and a bolt. But ere the fastenings had yielded, once more I heard the sweet odour-like music of the distant organ. The same moment the door opened, but I could see nothing for sometime for the mighty inburst of a lovely light. A fair river, brimming full, its little waves flashing in the sun and wind, washed the threshold of the door, and over its surface, hither and thither, sped the white sails of shining boats, while from somewhere, clear now, but still afar, came the sound of a great organ psalm. Beyond the river, the sun was rising — over blue summer hills that melted into blue summer sky. On the threshold stood my guide, bending towards me, as if waiting for me to pass out also. I lifted my eyes: the veil had fallen — it was my lost Athanasia! Not one beam touched her face, for her back was to the sun, yet her face was radiant. Trembling, I would have knelt at her feet, but she stepped out upon the

flowing river, and with the sweetest of sad smiles, drew the door to and left me alone in the dark hollow of the earth. I broke into a convulsive weeping, and awoke.

CHAPTER XL.

A WAKING.

I SUPPOSE I awoke tossing in my misery, for my hand fell upon something cold. I started up and tried to see. The light of a clear morning of late autumn had stolen into the room while I slept, and shone on something that lay upon the bed. It was some time before I could believe that my troubled eyes were not the sport of one of those old illusions that come of mingled sleep and waking. But by the golden hilt and rusted blade I was at length convinced, although the scabbard was gone, that I saw my own sword. It lay by my left side, with the hilt towards my hand. But the moment I turned a little to take it in my right hand, I forgot all about it in a far more bewildering discovery, which fixed me staring half in terror, half in amazement, so that again for a moment I disbelieved in my waking condition. On the other pillow lay the face of a lovely girl. I felt as if I had seen it before — whether only in the just vanished dream, I could not tell. But the maiden of my dream never comes back to me with any other features or with any other expression than those which I now beheld. There was an ineffable mingling of love and sorrow on the sweet countenance. The girl was dead asleep, but evidently dreaming, for tears were flowing from under her closed lids. For a time I was unable even to think; when thought returned, I was afraid to move. All at once the face of Mary Osborne dawned out of the vision before me — how different, how glorified from its waking condition! It was perfectly lovely — transfigured by the unchecked outflow of feeling. The recognition brought me to my senses at once. I did not waste a single thought in speculating how the mistake had occurred, for there was not a moment to be lost. I must be wise to shield her, and chiefly, as much as might be, from the miserable confusion which her own discovery of the untoward fact would occasion her. At first I thought it would be best to lie perfectly still, in order that she, at length awaking and discovering where she was, but finding me fast asleep, might escape with the conviction that the whole occurrence remained her own secret. I made the attempt, but I need hardly say

that never before or since have I found myself in a situation half so perplexing; and in a few moments I was seized with such a trembling that I was compelled to turn my thoughts to the only other possible plan. As I reflected, the absolute necessity of attempting it became more and more apparent. In the first place, when she woke and saw me, she might scream and be heard; in the next, she might be seen as she left the room, or, unable to find her way, might be involved in great consequent embarrassment. But, if I could gather all my belongings, and, without awaking her, escape by the stair to the roof, she would be left to suppose that she had but mistaken her chamber, and would, I hoped, remain in ignorance that she had not passed the night in it alone. I dared one more peep into her face. The light and the loveliness of her dream had passed; I should not now have had to look twice to know that it was Mary Osborne; but never more could I see in hers a common face. She was still fast asleep, and, stealthy as a beast of prey, I began to make my escape. At the first movement however, my perplexity was redoubled, for again my hand fell on the sword which I had forgotten, and question after question as to how they were together, and together there, darted through my bewildered brain. Could a third person have come and laid the sword between us? I had no time, however, to answer one of my own questions. Hardly knowing which was better, or if there was a better, I concluded to take the weapon with me, moved in part by the fact that I had found it where I had lost it, but influenced far more by its association with this night of marvel.

Having gathered my garments together, and twice glanced around me — once to see that I left nothing behind, and once to take farewell of the peaceful face, which had never moved, I opened the little door in the wall, and made my strange retreat up the stair. My heart was beating so violently from the fear of her waking, that when the door was drawn to behind me. I had to stand for what seemed minutes before I was able to ascend the steep stair, and step from its darkness into the clear frosty shine of the autumn sun, brilliant upon the leads wet with the torrent of the preceding night.

I found a sheltered spot by the chimney-stack, where no one could see me from below, and proceeded to dress myself — assisted in my very imperfect toilet by the welcome discovery of a pool of rain in a

depression of the lead-covered roof. But alas, before I had finished, I found that I had brought only one of my shoes away with me! This settled the question I was at the moment debating — whether, namely, it would be better to go home, or to find some way of reaching the library. I put my remaining shoe in my pocket, and set out to discover a descent. It would have been easy to get down into the little gallery, but it communicated on both sides immediately with bed-rooms, which for anything I knew might be occupied; and besides I was unwilling to enter the house for fear of encountering some of the domestics. But I knew more of the place now, and had often speculated concerning the odd position and construction of an outside stair in the first court, close to the chapel, with its landing at the door of a room *en suite* with those of Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton. It was for a man an easy drop to this landing: quiet as a cat, I crept over the roof, let myself down, crossed the court swiftly, drew back the bolt which alone secured the wicket, and, with no greater mishap than the unavoidable wetting of shoeless feet, was soon safe in my own room, exchanging my evening for a morning dress. When I looked at my watch I found it nearly seven o'clock.

I was so excited and bewildered by the adventures I had gone through, that, from very commonness, all things about me looked alien and strange. I had no feeling of relation to the world of ordinary life. The first thing I did was to hang my sword in its own old place, and the next to take down the bit of tapestry from the opposite wall, which I proceeded to examine in the light of my recollection of that round the denuded door. Room was left for not even a single doubt as to the relation between this and that: they had been wrought in one and the same piece by fair fingers of some long vanished time.

CHAPTER XLII.

A TALK ABOUT SUICIDE.

IN the same excited mood, but repressing it with all the energy I could gather, I returned to the Hall, and made my way to the library. There Charley soon joined me.

"Why didn't you come to breakfast?" he asked.

"I've been home, and changed my clothes," I answered. "I couldn't well appear in a tail-coat. It's bad enough to have to wear such an ugly thing by candle-light."

"What's the matter with you?" he asked again, after an interval of silence, which I judge from the question must have been rather a long one.

"What is the matter with me, Charley?"

"I can't tell. You don't seem yourself, somehow."

I do not know what answer I gave him, but I knew myself what was the matter with me well enough. The form and face of the maiden of my dream, the Athanasia lost that she might be found, blending with the face and form of Mary Osborne, filled my imagination so that I could think of nothing else. Gladly would I have been rid of even Charley's company, that, while my hands were busy with the books, my heart might brood at will now upon the lovely dream, now upon the lovely vision to which I awoke from it, and which, had it not glided into the forms of the foregone dream and possessed it with itself, would have banished it altogether. At length I was aware of light steps and sweet voices in the next room, and Mary and Clara presently entered.

How came it that the face of the one had lost the half of its radiance, and the face of the other had gathered all that the former had lost. Mary's countenance was as still as ever; there was not in it a single ray of light beyond its usual expression; but I had become more capable of reading it, for the coalescence of the face of my dream with her dreaming face had given me its key; and I was now so far from indifferent, that I was afraid to look for fear of betraying the attraction I now found it exercise over me. Seldom surely has a man been so long familiar with and careless of any countenance to find it all at once an object of absorbing interest! The very fact of its want of revelation added immensely to its power over me now — for was I not in its secret? Did I not know what a lovely soul hid behind that unexpressive countenance? Did I not know that it was as the veil of the holy of holies, at times reflecting only the light of the seven golden lamps in the holy place; at others almost melted away in the rush of the radiance unspeakable from the hidden and holier side — the region whence come the revelations. To draw through it if but once the feeblest glimmer of the light I had but once beheld, seemed an ambition worthy of a life. Knowing her power of reticence, however, and of withdrawing from the outer courts into the penetralia of her sanctuary, guessing also at something of the aspect in which she

regarded me, I dared not now make any such attempt. But I resolved to seize what opportunity might offer of convincing her that I was not so far out of sympathy with her as to be unworthy of holding closer converse; and I now began to feel distressed at what had given me little trouble before, namely, that she should suppose me the misleader of her brother, while I knew that, however far I might be from an absolute belief in things which she seemed never to have doubted, I was yet in some measure the means of keeping him from flinging aside the last cords which held him to the faith of his fathers. But I would not lead in any such direction, partly from the fear of hypocrisy, partly from horror at the idea of making capital of what little faith I had. But Charley himself afforded me an opportunity which I could not, whatever my scrupulosity, well avoid.

"Have you ever looked into that little book, Charley?" I said, finding in my hands an early edition of the *Christian Morals* of Sir Thomas Browne. — I wanted to say something, that I might not appear distraught.

"No," he answered, with indifference, as he glanced at the title page. "Is it anything particular?"

"Everything he writes, however whimsical in parts, is well worth more than mere reading," I answered. It is a strangely latinized style, but it has its charm notwithstanding."

He was turning over the leaves as I spoke. Receiving no response, I looked up. He seemed to have come upon something which had attracted him.

"What have you found?" I asked.

"Here's a chapter on the easiest way of putting a stop to it all," he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"He was a medical man — wasn't he? I'm ashamed to say I know nothing about him."

"Yes, certainly he was."

"Then he knew what he was about."

"As well probably as any man of his profession at the time."

"He recommends drowning," said Charley, without raising his eyes from the book.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean for suicide."

"Nonsense. He was the last man to favour that. You must make a mistake. He was a thoroughly Christian man."

"I know nothing about that. Hear this."

He read the following passages from

the beginning of the thirteenth section of the second part.

"With what shift and pains we come into the world, we remember not; but 'tis commonly found no easy matter to get out of it. Many have studied to exasperate the ways of death, but fewer hours have been spent to soften that necessity." — "Ovid, the old heroes, and the Stoicks, who were so afraid of drowning, as dreading thereby the extinction of their soul, which they conceived to be a fire, stood probably in fear of an easier way of death; wherein the water, entering the possessions of air, makes a temperate suffocation, and kills as it were without a fever. Surely many who have had the spirit to destroy themselves, have not been ingenious in the contrivance thereof." — "Cato is much to be pitied, who mangled himself with poniards; and Hannibal seems more subtle, who carried his delivery, not in the point but in the pommel of his sword."

"Poison, I suppose," he said, as he ended the extract.

"Yes, that's the story, if you remember," I answered; "but I don't see that Sir Thomas is favouring suicide. Not at all. What he writes there is merely a speculation on the comparative ease of different modes of dying. Let me see it."

I took the book from his hands, and, glancing over the essay, read the closing passage.

"But to learn to die, is better than to study the ways of dying. Death will find some ways to untie or cut the most gordian knots of life, and make men's miseries as mortal as themselves; whereas evil spirits, as undying substances, are inseparable from their calamities; and, therefore, they everlastingly struggle under their angustias, and bound up with immortality can never get out of themselves."

"There! I told you so!" cried Charley. "Don't you see? He is the most cunning arguer — beats Despair in the Fairy Queen hollow!"

By this time, either attracted by the stately flow of Sir Thomas's speech, or by the tone of our disputation, the two girls had drawn nearer, and were listening.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said, perceiving however the hold I had by my further quotation given him.

"First of all, he tells you the easiest way of dying, and then informs you that it ends all your troubles. He is too cunning to say in so many words that there is no hereafter, but what else can he wish

you to understand when he says that in dying we have the advantage over the evil spirits who cannot by death get rid of their sufferings? I will read this book," he added, closing it, and putting it in his pocket.

"I wish you would," I said; "for although I confess you are logically right in your conclusions, I know Sir Thomas did not mean anything of the sort. He was only misled by his love of antithesis into a hasty and illogical remark. The whole tone of his book is against such a conclusion. Besides, I do not doubt he was thinking only of good people, for whom he believed all suffering over at their death."

"But I don't see, supposing he does believe in immortality, why you should be so anxious about his orthodoxy on the other point. Didn't Dr. Donne, as good a man as any, I presume, argue on the part of the suicide?"

"I have not read Dr. Donne's essay, but I suspect the obliquity of it has been much exaggerated."

"Why should you? I never saw any argument worth the name on the other side. We have plenty of expressions of horror—but those are not arguments. Indeed, the mass of the vulgar are so afraid of dying, that, apparently in terror lest suicide should prove infectious, they treat in a brutal manner the remains of the man who has only had the courage to free himself from a burden too hard for him to bear. It is all selfishness—nothing else. They love their paltry selves so much, that they count it a greater sin to kill oneself than to kill another man—which seems to me absolutely devilish. Therefore, the *vox populi*, whether it be the *vox Dei* or not, is not nonsense merely, but absolute wickedness. Why shouldn't a man kill himself?"

Clara was looking on rather than listening, and her interest seemed that of amusement only. Mary's eyes were wide-fixed on the face of Charley, evidently tortured to find that to the other enormities of his unbelief was to be added the justification of suicide. His habit of arguing was doubtless well enough known to her to leave room for the mitigating possibility that he might be arguing only for argument's sake, but what he said could not but be shocking to her upon any supposition.

I was not ready with an answer. Clara was the first to speak.

"It's a cowardly thing anyhow," she said.

"How do you make that out, Miss Clara?" asked Charley. "I'm aware it's the general opinion, but I don't see it myself."

"It's surely cowardly to run away in that fashion."

"For my part," returned Charley, "I feel that it requires more courage than I've got, and hence it comes, I suppose, that I admire anyone who has the pluck."

"What vulgar words you use, Mr. Charles!" said Clara.

"Besides," he went on, heedless of her remark, "a man may want to escape—not from his duties—he mayn't know what they are—but from his own weakness and shame."

"But Charley dear," said Mary, with a great light in her eyes, and the rest of her face as still as a sunless pond, "you don't think of the sin of it. I know you are only talking, but some things oughtn't to be talked of lightly."

"What makes it a sin? It's not mentioned in the ten commandments," said Charley.

"Surely it's against the will of God, Charley dear."

"He hasn't said anything about it anyhow. And why should I have a thing forced upon me whether I will or no, and then he pulled up for throwing it away when I found it troublesome?"

"Surely I don't quite understand you, Charley."

"Well, if I must be more explicit—I was never asked whether I chose to be made or not. I never had the conditions laid before me. Here I am, and I can't help myself—so far, I mean, as that here I am."

"But life is a good thing," said Mary, evidently struggling with an almost overpowering horror.

"I don't know that. My impression is that if I had been asked——"

"But that couldn't be, you know."

"Then it wasn't fair. But why couldn't I be made for a moment or two, long enough to have the thing laid before me, and be asked whether I would accept it or not? My impression is that I would have said—No, thank you;—that is if it was fairly put."

I hastened to offer a remark, in the hope of softening the pain such flippancy must cause her.

"And my impression is, Charley," I said, "that if such had been possible——"

"Of course," he interrupted, "the God

you believe in could have made me for a minute or two. He can, I suppose, unmake me now when he likes."

"Yes: but could he have made you all at once capable of understanding his plans, and your own future? Perhaps that is what he is doing now — making you, by all you are going through, capable of understanding them. Certainly the question could not have been put to you before you were able to comprehend it, and this may be the only way to make you able. Surely a being who *could* make you had a right to risk the chance, if I may be allowed such an expression, of your being satisfied in the end with what he saw to be good — so good indeed that, if we accept the New Testament story, he would have been willing to go through the same troubles himself for the same end."

"No, no; not the same troubles," he objected. "According to the story to which you refer, Jesus Christ was free from all that alone makes life unendurable — the bad inside you, that will come outside whether you will or no."

"I admit your objection. As to the evil coming out, I suspect it is better it should come out, so long as it is there. But the end is not yet; and still I insist the probability is, that if you could know it all now, you would say with submission, if not with hearty concurrence — 'Thy will be done.'"

"I have known people who could say that without knowing it all now, Mr. Cumbermede," said Mary.

I had often called her by her Christian name, but she had never accepted the familiarity.

"No doubt," said Charley, "but I'm not one of those."

"If you would but give in," said his sister, "you would — in the end, I mean — say, 'It is well.' I am sure of that."

"Yes — perhaps I might — after all the suffering had been forced upon me, and was over at last — when I had been thoroughly exhausted and cowed, that is."

"Which wouldn't satisfy any thinking soul, Charley — much less God," I said. "But if there be a God at all —"

Mary gave a slight inarticulate cry.

"Dear Miss Osborne," I said, "I beg you will not misunderstand me. I cannot be sure about it as you are — I wish I could — but I am not disputing it in the least; I am only trying to make my argument as strong as I can. — I was going to say to Charley — not to you — that

if there be a God, he would not have compelled us to be, except with the absolute foreknowledge that when we knew all about it, we would certainly declare ourselves ready to go through it all again if need should be, in order to attain the known end of his high calling."

"But isn't it very presumptuous to assert anything about God which he has not revealed in his word?" said Mary, in a gentle, subdued voice, and looking at me with a sweet doubtfulness in her eyes.

"I am only insisting on the perfection of God — as far as I can understand perfection," I answered.

"But may not the perfection of God be something very different from anything we can understand?"

"I will go farther," I returned. "It *must* be something that we cannot understand — but different from what we can understand by being greater, not by being less."

"Mayn't it be such that we can't understand it at all?" she insisted.

"Then how should we ever worship him? How should we ever rejoice in him? Surely it is because you see God to be good —"

"Or fancy you do," interposed Charley.

"Or fancy you do," I assented, "that you love him — not merely because you are told he is good. The Feejee Islander might assert his God to be good, but would that make you love him? If you heard that a great power, away somewhere, who had nothing to do with you at all, was very good, would that make you able to love him?"

"Yes, it would," said Mary, decidedly. "It is only a good man who would see that God was good."

"There you argue entirely on my side. It must be because you supposed his goodness what you call goodness — not something else — that you could love him on testimony. But even then, your love could not be of that mighty absorbing kind which alone you would think fit between you and your God. It would not be loving him with all your heart and soul and strength and mind — would it? It would be loving him second-hand — not because of himself, seen and known by yourself."

"But Charley does not even love God second-hand," she said with a despairing mournfulness.

"Perhaps because he is very anxious to love him first-hand, and what you tell him about God does not seem to him to be good. Surely neither man nor wo-

man can love because of what seems not good! I confess one may love in spite of what is bad, but it must be because of other things that are good."

She was silent.

"However goodness may change its forms," I went on, "it must still be goodness; only if we are to adore it, we must see something of what it is — of itself. And the goodness we cannot see, the eternal goodness, high above us as the heavens are above the earth, must still be a goodness that includes, absorbs, elevates, purifies all our goodness, not tramples upon it and calls it wickedness. For if not such, then we have nothing in common with God, and what we call goodness is not of God. He has not even ordered it; or, if he has, he has ordered it only to order the contrary afterwards; and there is, in reality, no real goodness — at least in him; and, if not in him, of whom we spring — where then? — and what becomes of ours, poor as it is?"

My reader will see that I had already thought much about these things; although, I suspect, I have now not only expressed them far better than I could have expressed them in conversation, but with a degree of clearness which must be owing to the further continuance of the habit of reflecting on these and cognate subjects. Deep in my mind, however, something like this lay; and in some manner like this I tried to express it.

Finding she continued silent, and that Charley did not appear inclined to renew the contest, anxious also to leave no embarrassing silence to choke the channel now open between us — I mean Mary and myself — I returned to the original question.

"It seems to me, Charley — and it follows from all we have been saying — that the sin of suicide lies just in this, that it is an utter want of faith in God. I confess I do not see any other ground on which to condemn it — provided always, that the man has no others dependent upon him, none for whom he ought to live and work."

"But does a man owe nothing to himself?" said Clara.

"Nothing that I know of," I replied. "I am under no obligation to myself. How can I divide myself, and say that the one-half of me is indebted to the other? To my mind, it appears a mere fiction of speech."

"But whence then should such a fiction arise?" objected Charley, willing, perhaps, to defend Clara.

"From the dim sense of a real obligation,"

I suspect — the object of which is mistaken. I suspect it really springs from our relation to the unknown God, so vaguely felt that a false form is readily accepted for its embodiment by a being who, in ignorance of its nature, is yet aware of its presence. I mean that what seems an obligation to self is in reality a dimly apprehended duty — an obligation to the unknown God, and not to self, in which lies no causing, therefore no obligating power."

"But why say *the unknown God*, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked Mary.

"Because I do not believe that any one who knew him could possibly attribute to himself what belonged to Him — could, I mean, talk of an obligation to himself, when that obligation was to God."

How far Mary Osborne followed the argument or agreed with it I cannot tell, but she gave me a look of something like gratitude, and my heart felt too big for its closed chamber.

At this moment, the housemaid who had along with the carpenter assisted me in the library, entered the room. She was rather a forward girl, and I suppose presumed on our acquaintance to communicate directly with myself instead of going to the housekeeper. Seeing her approach as if she wanted to speak to me, I went to meet her. She handed me a small ring, saying, in a low voice.

"I found this in your room, sir, and thought it better to bring it to you."

"Thank you," I said, putting it at once on my little finger; "I am glad you found it."

Charley and Clara had begun talking. I believe Clara was trying to make Charley give her the book he had pocketed, imagining it really of the character he had, half in sport, professed to believe it. But Mary had caught sight of the ring, and, with a bewildered expression on her countenance, was making a step towards me. I put a finger to my lips, and gave her a look by which I succeeded in arresting her. Utterly perplexed, I believe, she turned away towards the bookshelves behind her. I went into the next room, and called Charley.

"I think we had better not go on with this talk," I said. "You are very imprudent indeed, Charley, to be always bringing up subjects that tend to widen the gulf between you and your sister. When I have a chance, I do what I can to make her doubt whether you are so far wrong as they think you, but you must give her time. All your kind of thought is so new

to her that your words cannot possibly convey to her what is in your mind. If only she were not so afraid of me! But I think she begins to trust me a little."

"It's no use," he returned. "Her head is so full of rubbish!"

"But her heart is so full of goodness!"

"I wish you could make anything of her! But she looks up to my father with such a blind adoration that it isn't of the slightest use attempting to put an atom of sense into her."

"I should indeed despair if I might only set about it after your fashion. You always seem to shut your eyes to the mental condition of those that differ from you. Instead of trying to understand them first, which gives the sole possible chance of your ever making them understand what you mean, you care only to present your opinions; and that you do in such a fashion that they must appear to them false. You even yourself seem to hold these for very love of their untruth; and thus make it all but impossible for them to shake off their fetters: every truth in advance of what they have already learned, will henceforth come to them associated with your presumed backsliding and impenitence."

"Goodness! where did you learn their slang?" cried Charley. "But impenitence, if you like,—not backsliding. I never made any *profession*. After all, however, their opinions don't seem to hurt them—I mean my mother and sister."

"They must hurt them, if only by hindering their growth. In time, of course, the angels of the heart will expel the demons of the brain; but it is a pity the process should be retarded by your behaviour."

"I know I am a brute, Wilfrid. I will try to hold my tongue."

"Depend upon it," I went on, "whatever such hearts can believe, is, as believed by them, to be treated with respect. It is because of the truth in it, not because of the falsehood, that they hold it; and when you speak against the false in it, you appear to them to speak against the true; for the dogma seems to them an unanalyzable unit. You assail the false with the recklessness of falsehood itself, careless of the injury you may inflict on the true."

I was interrupted by the entrance of Clara.

"If you gentlemen don't want us any more, we had better go," she said.

I left Charley to answer her, and went back into the next room. Mary stood where I had left her, mechanically shift-

ing and arranging the volumes on a shelf at the height of her eyes.

"I think this is your ring, Miss Osborne," I said, in a low and hurried tone, offering it.

Her expression at first was only of questioning surprise, when suddenly something seemed to cross her mind; she turned pale as death, and put her hand on the bookshelves as if to support her; as suddenly flushed crimson for a moment, and again turned deadly pale—all before I could speak.

"Don't ask me any questions, dear Miss Osborne," I said. "And, please trust me this far: don't mention the loss of your ring to any one—except it be your mother. Allow me to put it on your finger."

She gave me a glance I cannot and would not describe. It lies treasured—for ever, God grant!—in the secret jewel-house of my heart. She lifted a trembling left hand, and doubtfully held—half held it towards me. To this day I know nothing of the stones of that ring—not even their colour; but I know I should know it at once if I saw it. My hand trembled more than hers as I put it on the third finger.

What followed, I do not know. I think I left her there and went into the other room. When I returned a little after, I know she was gone. From that hour, not one word has ever passed between us in reference to the matter. The best of my conjectures remains but a conjecture; I know how the sword got there—nothing more.

I did not see her again that day, and did not seem to want to see her, but worked on amongst the books in a quiet exaltation. My being seemed tenfold awake and alive. My thoughts dwelt on the rarely revealed loveliness of my *Athanasia*; and, although I should have scorned unspeakably to take the smallest advantage of having come to share a secret with her, I could not help rejoicing in the sense of nearness to and *alone-ness* with her which the possession of that secret gave me; while one of the most precious results of the new love which had thus all at once laid hold upon me, was the feeling—almost a conviction—that the dream was not a web self-wove in the loom of my brain, but that from somewhere, beyond my soul even, an influence mingled with its longings to inform the vision of that night—to be as it were a creative soul to what would otherwise have been but loose, chaotic, and shape-

less vagaries of the unguided imagination. The events of that night were as the sudden opening of a door through which I caught a glimpse of that region of the supernatural in which, whatever might be her theories concerning her experiences therein, Mary Osborne certainly lived if ever any one lived. The degree of God's presence with a creature is not to be measured by that creature's interpretation of the manner in which he is revealed. The great question is whether he is revealed or no; and a strong truth can carry many parasitical errors.

I felt that now I could talk freely to her of what most perplexed me — not so

much, I confess, with any hope that she might cast light on my difficulties, as in the assurance that she would not only influence me to think purely and nobly, but would urge me in the search after God. In such a relation of love to religion the vulgar mind will ever imagine ground for ridicule; but those who have most regarded human nature know well enough that the two have constantly manifested themselves in the closest relation; while even the poorest love is the enemy of selfishness unto the death; for the one or the other must give up the ghost. Not only must God be in all that is human, but of it he must be the root.

ORIGIN OF CYCLONES.—In NATURE of 23rd of June, 1871, there is an account of a paper, by Mr. Meldrum, on the origin of storms in the Bay of Bengal, showing reason to believe that the cyclones of the Bay of Bengal, and the Southern Indian Ocean originate in the meeting of the trade-winds of the northern and southern hemispheres at some distance north or south of the equator. I do not know of any equally complete evidence on the subject for the cyclones of other parts of the world, but there is very strong reason for thinking that they always so originate. The line along which the two trade-winds meet each other approximately coincides with the equator: when it actually or nearly coincides with the equator, no cyclones are formed, because the rotation of a cyclone depends on that of the earth, and the earth at the equator has no rotation round an axis drawn vertical to the horizon. Over the greater part of the Pacific, cyclones do not appear to be formed: the reason of this probably is, that in consequence of the temperature of the sea changing but little with the seasons, the two trade-winds over the Pacific meet each other nearly on the equator all the year round; though I do not know how far this is confirmed by observations on the winds of that ocean. But we know that in the Indian Ocean the trade-winds cross the equator and are deflected into monsoons, so that in the summer of the northern hemisphere they meet to the north of the equator, and in the summer of the southern hemisphere they meet to the south. (This statement as to seasons will have to be qualified presently.)

We may consequently expect to find that the farther the sun is from the equator, the farther from the equator will be the meeting of the trade-winds, and consequently also the cyclones. This is the fact. In Dove's "Law of Storms,"

translated by Mr. Scott, at page 198, there is a chart of the tracks of the cyclones of the Chinese Sea, which shows that they occur in all months from June to November, and that the later in the season the nearer to the equator is usually their track. In the Chinese Sea, where they are called typhoons, they are most numerous in the summer months; in the Bay of Bengal they are most numerous after the equinoxes. This will appear quite intelligible if we regard the cyclone region of the Chinese Sea as an extension of that of the Bay of Bengal; it will then be seen that the cyclones follow the sun. This, however, must be understood with the qualification that they follow the sun at some distance; the number of cyclones in the Indian Ocean appears to reach its maximum a month or two after the equinoxes. This is for the same reason that the warmest period of the year is not at but after Midsummer.

The distribution of cyclones in the West Indian Seas is to be explained in the same way. The two trade-winds meet in the Atlantic a little to the north of the equator; for this reason cyclones are frequent in the West Indies but unknown over the South Atlantic, and they are most numerous at the end of summer.

Nature.

An attempt to obtain European ice for India by the Suez Canal has failed. Out of ninety tons of Alpine ice shipped only four arrived. It is probable the parties did not know the business so well as the Americans. As it is the Alps do not at present supply the Mediterranean, many parts of which use frozen snow from Mounts Olympus and Tmolus.

Nature.

From Dark Blue.

A FAMOUS FRENCHMAN.

Translated from an autobiographical sketch by
MAXIMILIEN DE BETHUNE DUO DE SULLY,
Prime Minister of Navarre, and concluded by the
VICOMTESSE DE KERKADREC.

My father was François de Béthune, Baron de Rosny, and my mother Charlotte Dauvet, daughter of the Seigneur de Rieux. At my birth I received the name of Maximilien. Our House drew its origin (by the House of Coney) from the ancient House of Austria, with which must not be mistaken that which is now on the throne; the latter is descended from the Counts of Hapsburgh, who were only noblemen 300 years ago.

The House of Béthune gave its name to a town in Flanders whence came the Counts who anciently governed that Province. All the Béthunes distinguished themselves in the wars during the Crusades, and were amongst the first to scale the walls of Jerusalem.

Antoine and Coëne de Béthune, following the steps of their ancestors, were also the first to hoist the banners on the ramparts of Constantinople when Baudoin Comte de Flandres took that capital from Alexis Comène; Coëne obtained the government of it.

The Béthunes allied themselves to several princes of the House of France, to the Emperors of Constantinople, the Kings of Jerusalem, the House of Lorraine, and many other illustrious stocks.

In thus writing of my ancestors I beg my readers to exonerate me from all affectation or vanity. I was born on December 13, 1560, and although I was only the second son, yet (owing to the infirmity of my eldest brother) I was looked upon as the future head of the family. I had been brought up in the doctrine of the "réformés," and I have constantly professed it, spite of the threats and promises of parties and the vicissitudes of my times; nay, even the change in the religious views of the King, my protector, and his most earnest endeavours to win me over to the Romish persuasion, could not make me renounce my faith.

I was twelve years of age when the Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place. I had gone to bed very early the day before, and I was awakened at three o'clock in the morning by the ringing of bells and the confused cries of the populace. St. Julien, my tutor, went out hastily with my valet to know the cause of the noise; but I never heard of them afterwards, and undoubtedly they fell a

sacrifice to the public fury. I was alone in my room, dressing, when I saw my landlord enter the hall in the greatest consternation. He was a Huguenot, and, having heard what was the matter, had resolved to go to Mass. He had come to try and persuade me to go with him and do the same; but I would not follow him. I tried to reach the College of Bourgogne, where I studied, notwithstanding the long distance from the house, which rendered my resolution a very perilous one. I put on my scholar's dress, and taking a large missal under my arm, I went down-stairs.

I was seized with terror, on entering the street, to see the furious mob, who surged fiercely through the streets, breaking open the doors of the houses, and crying; "Kill, kill; massacre the Huguenots;" and the blood that I saw on the pavement redoubled my fright. I fell in with a corps-de-garde, who stopped me. I was questioned, and they were beginning to maltreat me, when the book I carried was luckily seen, and served me as a passport. Twice afterwards I fell into the same danger, and escaped from it with the same good luck. At last I arrived at the College; but the porter refused me entrance, and I remained in the street, in the midst of a fierce crowd still in eager search for fresh prey; when I bethought myself of asking for the principal of the College, called Lafaye, a good man, who loved me devotedly.

With the help of a few pieces of silver that I slipped into the porter's hand, I at last induced him to let me pass, and I was soon in the presence of Lafaye. The good man made me go with him to his room, where two inhuman priests, who were relating the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers, tried to tear me away from him and put me to death, saying that their order was to kill even children at the breast. All that Lafaye could do was to conduct me secretly to a small closet, and lock me into it. I remained there three whole days, receiving food from a servant of the charitable Lafaye, utterly uncertain what my fate would be.

At the end of this time, the prohibition against further slaughter and pillage having been at last published, I was taken from my prison.

Eight days after this adventure I received a letter from my father, in which he said how much alarmed he had been on my account; however, his advice was that I should remain in Paris, since the prince I served was not free to leave it, but, that, in order to escape further risk, I ought to make up my mind to do what

the prince had done, and go to Mass. But to this suggestion I would not assent.

As I was not always permitted to attend upon the King of Navarre, I employed my leisure in as useful a way as I could. I gave up the study of languages and many other studies, notwithstanding my father's strong recommendation to me not to neglect them; but this became an impossibility to me as soon as I returned to Court. I parted with regret from the excellent tutor my father had given me, and passed from his hands into those of one the King of Navarre had with him, whom he ordered to teach me mathematics and history, two sciences which soon consoled me for the neglect of my other studies. The rest of my time was employed in learning how to read and write well, and in the acquisition of exercises which give grace to the body, and the cultivation of the virtues which give strength to the soul.

In these principles, and especially in that of giving more attention to moral than to mental and physical training, the King had been instructed himself. But at the age of sixteen this course of education was interrupted by the outbreak of war, in which I engaged, in company with the King, without any hope of ever coming out of it with my life.

To our peaceful exercises succeeded those which only concerned war, and we began by trying the art of firing the arquebuse.

All that a young man can do at such a time is to make his heart profit at the expense of his brains; for even in embarrassment such as we encountered, nay, in the very midst of arms, there presents itself to whoever knows how to seek for it excellent schooling for virtue and politeness. But woe to him who is engaged in so fatal a profession to youth if he fails in strength and will to resist bad example; if he has not the good sense to guard himself against all vices, how will he be fortified in those principles that wisdom dictates, to the private individual as well as to the prince? Yes! Virtue should become so much a habit by practice that no virtuous action should ever cause the slightest effort.

I soon followed the King of Navarre into the battle-field, and was made ensign in the regiment of M. de Lavardin, Marshal of France, who was very fond of me, and we went to defend Périgueux. I ran many risks, but the worst one was at the siege of Villefranche in Périgord. Having

gone to the assault with my flag, I was thrown down by the shock of pikes and halberds into the ditch, where I remained sunk in the mud, and so hampered with my flag that without the help of La Trape, my valet, and of a few soldiers, I should certainly have perished.

The town was completely pillaged, and I obtained as my share in the spoil a purse containing a thousand gold crowns, that an old man, pursued by five or six soldiers, gave me to save his life.

During a truce the King of Navarre went to Béarn, and allowed me to follow him. He was going under pretence of visiting his sister, but in reality to see Mdle. de Tignonville (whose mother was governess to Mdle. de Navarre), and of whom he was very fond. I laid aside my uniform, and assumed a dress more suitable to the new part I was about play.

My economy, added to my military profits, had given me a considerable sum, and I was able to pay several young noblemen to join me in attaching ourselves entirely to the King's person. My great youth made this very extraordinary, but I had felt in my early age how excellent it is to put order into one's house.

Mademoiselle, sister of the King, was very lively, and always in search of amusement. I learnt from that princess the art of a courtier, a thing very new to me. Her Royal Highness had the kindness to teach me how to dance in a ballet, which was executed with great magnificence.

The truce being over, we again began the war. After a great many conflicts, Catherine de Medicis wished to pacify the State; or having, perhaps, some other hidden designs, she left Paris with all her Court, and came to meet us. The ceremonious association between the two Courts, soon gave place to pleasure and gallantry. The Queen Mother might then have concluded a truce over all the kingdom; but it was only arranged for the places where both Courts should be together, and within a mile and a half of them. Here they overwhelmed one another with politeness, and spoke with great familiarity; but if two of the opposite factions met outside it was fighting "à l'outrance."

We took several towns by stratagem; one of them was St. Emilion, where we marched during the night unknown to the Queen. We had an immense petard, in the shape of a German sausage, which we fastened to the recess of the window of a large tower; the noise of this machine, when it exploded, was so great that it was heard miles off. With it we

made a breach in the tower which gave passage to two men abreast, and the town was taken by this means. Catherine was very angry, and said it was a premeditated insult, and both Courts separated, but only to mix again in a short time, as otherwise their pleasures would have been at an end. The Queen at last left, and war began again.

The King of Navarre, who had shown me the greatest friendship, soon gave me the post of Councillor of Navarre and that of Chamberlain in Ordinary, with 2,000 livres yearly. At that time this was the highest preferment, and I was only nineteen.

But I soon committed a fault which nearly lost me the good graces of the King. Two noblemen with whom I was at supper one night quarrelled, and entreated me to be their second, and keep the affair secret; I gave way to them, and did not let the King know. Both were dangerously wounded, and Henry on hearing of it was so irritated with me that he said I deserved to have my head off. Piqued by the King's threat, I replied, very thoughtlessly, that I was neither his vassal nor his subject, and that I would quit his service. He did not answer me except by a look of profound disdain, and I would have left this good prince had it not been for the princesses interceding for me. I was received by him for some time with much coldness, but soon his affection for me returned, and I attached myself more strongly than ever to the person of a King who so well deserved an allegiance full of all love and loyalty.

Unfortunately I had made an imprudent promise to the Duc d'Alençon, and for a time I had to leave the King of Navarre.

From 1580 to 1587 a number of events took place, among them the affair with Flanders, the taking of the citadel of Cambray, the origin and the formation of the League, as well as many other events of great importance.

Whilst in Flanders I went to see Madame de Mastin, an aunt of mine. She received me as a nephew she had disinherited because he neither believed in God nor His saints, and who only worshipped the devil. This was the opinion of Father Silvestre, her confessor, and she blindly believed him. She made me visit with her an abbey she had founded, and where several of our ancestors were buried; she then took the opportunity of talking to me of my religion, and was very much surprised when I recited to her the Belief and

other prayers we have in common with Roman Catholics; kind feelings were re-awakened in her, and with tears in her eyes she kissed me and promised me all her fortune; but no doubt Father Silvestre's hold upon her was too great, as never did I receive anything from her.

On leaving Madame de Mastin I went to Béthune, where all the possessions of my ancestors were, and I was received by the bourgeois and others, armed to the teeth, to do me honour, and bringing me all sorts of offerings. I left the town after having examined with secret pleasure all the public and private monuments which have carried down to posterity the memory of my ancestors, and of the benefits bestowed by them upon the town.

I left Flanders and rejoined the King, who received me with marked friendship, and also entered into negotiations with the Queen; but without much result. I remained in Paris, in order to be often at Court, and give the exact news of all that went on there to the King of Navarre.

I frequented the most brilliant society, and took part in all its pleasures and amusements. Being then in the flower of youth, it is not astonishing that I paid a tribute to love, and I became very fond of Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin, one of the most beautiful girls in France; however, an alliance with her was not exactly the thing for me, yet I could never have renounced her had not Lafond, my private valet, proposed to me to effect a diversion of my passion, and I made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Courtenay. I saw her and inwardly approved of the choice; she was promising to be very beautiful, and I found her excessively amiable. Besides that, she was allied to the royal House of Courtenay; she received my assiduities with pleasure, and soon after we were married.

The tenderness I felt for her kept me at home during the whole year, amidst occupations, exercises, and country amusements which were quite new to me. Towards the end of it a letter from the King of Navarre took me away from my lazy life, and I returned to him.

The bold enterprises of the League had begun, and it is a surprising fact that in less than four years ten royal armies made attacks on the King of Navarre. The League was an association of princes, prelates, and noblemen of Picardy, assembled at Péronne, for the purpose of being dispensed from obeying the edict of the Sixty-three Articles promulgated in 1576 in favour of the Protestants.

I did not assist at all the sieges, but went about and fought at different places, until the sad news I received from Rosny obliged me to go home. The village had been depopulated by the plague, and my wife, who had lost most of her servants by it, had fled to the forest, where she had spent two days and two nights in her carriage. Then she had taken refuge at the Château de Huets, belonging to an aunt of mine. The joy my wife felt in seeing me yielded to her fear of the danger I ran in being with her, and she had the castle gates shut up, thinking I would go away. I entered, notwithstanding her resistance, and remained there a month, with only two noblemen and two servants, breathing the country air undisturbed, because the plague prevented people from coming near us. The persecution of all the Protestants made me fear that the money which was owed to me would be confiscated for the benefit of the League; however, I was paid upon contenting myself with 10,000 livres, instead of 24,000, which was entirely for King Henry's use.

I was severely wounded at the battle of Ivry, and the King, on hearing it, hastened to me, whilst I was being carried on a litter, and did not disdain to dismount his horse in order to express to me his sincere sympathy. When he heard that, although half-mutilated, there were hopes for me, he embraced me, saying: "Farewell, my friend, recover soon and remember you have a good master."

The King had wished me to try and effect a reconciliation between the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Soissons, and on returning from them I went to Anet, where Madame la Duchesse d'Aumale lived, who had repeatedly invited me to come and visit her. She expressed much joy in seeing me, and gave me a most graceful welcome. She took me by the hand, and we visited the galleries and the splendid gardens which made Anet so enchanting an abode. She was most anxious to see her husband obedient to his sovereign, but the conditions she wished to exact obliged me to decline meddling in this affair.

Hitherto I had seen nothing but what could do honour to the master of a truly royal house, and I should have been ignorant of the deplorable state to which he was reduced if the Duchess had not forced me to stay to supper and sleep there. After a meal long waited for, and as bad as it was badly served, I was ushered into a room all marble, but so unfurnished and cold that, not being able to

get warm or sleep in a bed whose short and narrow silk curtains, very light counterpane, and damp sheets would have frozen me in the midst of summer, I made up my mind to get up. I intended indemnifying myself for my wretchedness by making a large fire; but I found only holly-wood and green juniper, which would not burn. I spent the rest of the night wrapped up in my dressing-gown. I left this poor dwelling with pleasure, and went back to my people, who had fared far better than their master.

It was about this time that I experienced my first great sorrow: I heard of the illness of my wife, and fled to Rosny, where I arrived in time to receive the last embrace of this amiable woman. The death of so dear a wife shut my heart against all other feelings, and for a long time I thought of nothing else.

The dissolution of the marriage of Henry with Marguerite de Valois had taken place, and I was often in consultation with His Majesty about the choice of a new Consort. The Duchesse de Beaufort, Gabrielle d'Estrées, whose ambition after the birth of her second son had become unbounded, wished to be declared Queen; but Marguerite de Valois had refused to sanction her divorce with the King should the Duchesse be made Queen, and Henry, notwithstanding the importunity of his mistress, had been obliged to give up all idea of marrying her. He therefore confided in me, and we began to pass in review the different princesses likely to suit him.

"That I may never repent of my choice," said the King to me, "and escape from the greatest of misfortunes—that of having a wife badly made in mind and body—I must have seven things which will be difficult to find in one person: the woman I marry must be beautiful, wise, sweet-tempered, witty, prolific, rich, and of royal lineage."

All this ended, however, in his marrying Marie de Medicis, a niece of the Duke of Tuscany, who was neither beautiful nor of very great descent.

The future Queen arrived at Lyons, after leaving Livorno with an escort of seventeen galleys. Her Majesty was at supper when Henry entered the apartment incognito, wishing to see her without her knowledge. The queen, perceiving that something had happened from the appearance of the people around her, retired to her room. The King followed immediately, and at his entrance Marie de Medicis threw herself at his feet. Henry

raised her, kissed her, and after conversing with her for about half an hour went to his supper, and soon returned to the Queen.

Some time afterwards, Marie de Medicis made her entry into Paris; it was a magnificent pageant. The next day the King brought Her Majesty and the Court to dine at my house. All the Italian ladies she had brought with her, much liking the *vin d'Arbois*, drank more of it than was necessary, and began to be excessively lively. I had some excellent white wine, as clear as crystal. I caused ewers to be filled up with it, and when they were asking for water to mix with their Burgundy, it was the wine that was presented to them. The King, seeing them all in such good spirits, doubted not I had played them a trick.

From this time the life of Henri-le-Grand, spent hitherto in the tumult of arms, was that of a pacific king, and of a father of a family. As for myself, I did all in my power to reform all the financial abuses of past years, and tried my best to enrich the King without impoverishing his subjects, to pay his debts, repair his palaces, and perfect the art of fortifying towns, even more than that of attacking them, defending them, and making provisions of arms and ammunition.

Queen Elizabeth, having heard that Henry was at Calais, thought it a very good opportunity of seeing her best friend. Henry did not wish it less than she did, owing to his desire that they should confer together about the political affairs of Christendom; however, Henry was persuaded not to go, and I undertook the journey incognito, feeling sure, however, that the Queen would be certain to hear of it; and I was not mistaken. The captain of her guards came immediately to me, having received orders to bring me immediately into Her Majesty's presence.

"What, M. de Roany," said the Princess; "is it thus that you break our hedges and pass without coming to see me? I am very much astonished, for I have seen that you are more affectionate to me than any of my gentlemen. I do not remember having given you cause to change towards me."

I replied that I should endeavour to answer her in a manner worthy of so graceful a welcome, after which I went on without affectation to speak to Elizabeth of the friendly feelings the King entertained for her.

The agitation of mind caused by the conspiracy of the Marshal de Biron—

which I was falsely charged with being implicated in by some of my enemies, although the King very soon became perfectly convinced of my innocence—did not prevent people from giving themselves up to pleasures and pageants. For the amusement of the Queen a magnificent ballet was given. The Palace of the Arsenal, where I lived, was chosen for it, on account of its spacious apartments. Great rejoicings took place on account of the birth of an heir to the throne, and Henry IV. had shown his happiness to me by demonstrations of everlasting friendship.

Henry became so seriously ill at one time that he sent for me to make the necessary arrangements about the succession. On entering the King's room I found him in bed. The Queen, seated at the bedside, held one of his hands in hers; he held the other to me, and said:

"Come and kiss me, my friend; I am marvellously pleased to see you," and then turning to the Queen he added: "Here is one of my servants who takes the greatest care of the affairs of the kingdom, and who, in case of my demise, would serve you and my children better than any one else."

Luckily for France the good King soon recovered, and I was sent as Ambassador to England. James I. had just succeeded Elizabeth, and on my arrival at Canterbury I was received by Lord Sidney, who had come to compliment me for his royal master. Several weeks afterwards I presented my credentials to the King. The Court was then at Greenwich; it was more than a quarter of an hour before I could reach His Majesty's throne, but as soon as the King perceived me he came down two steps and spoke to me in the kindest manner, and when his eulogium of myself was over I answered, not by a speech such as might be expected from court pedants, but by a simple compliment which implied much, and was far more in harmony with my rank. I continued complimenting His Majesty in a manner which seemed to please him greatly, and after talking politics James led the conversation to hunting, adding he heard what a sportsman I was and he fancied that I even surpassed my royal master.

James was desirous of entering into an alliance with France against Spain, notwithstanding Cecl's displeasure at it. When I took leave of His Majesty, he said, taking my hands in his: "Hé bien! M. l'Ambassadeur, n'êtes-vous pas bien content de moi?" I answered with a profound inclination, and kissed the King's

hands; he embraced me, and begged for my friendship with a look of kindness which displeased many of the Ministers present.

After the treaty was concluded Henry wished me to return to France, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, especially since the negotiations had terminated. I took leave of His Majesty of England at Westminster; he gave me some complimentary letters for Henry and his Queen, and forced me to accept a chain of most splendid gems.

The presents I left from my master were: six magnificent horses for the King, and for the Queen one of the largest and handsomest Venetian glasses ever seen; the frame was gold covered with diamonds; to the Prince of Wales and some of the noblemen and ladies of the court an infinite number of excessively pretty presents. The reception I had from my royal master was most charming, and I began the narrative of all that had passed during my sojourn in England. I resumed my old post of Minister of Finances, and afterwards was made Governor of Poitou. In 1603 I had a long talk with Henry about the establishment of silk-weaving in France, but I vainly tried to dissuade the King from allowing it, and eventually he had his own way.

I began the year 1604, as indeed I began all others, by a duty my rank obliged me to perform—it was to present to their Majesties two purses of silver counters. I entered the royal apartments early, and found their Majesties still in bed. Besides the two purses mentioned, I offered them gold ones on my own account, and they accepted them with pleasure. The next day I received His Majesty's portrait on a box set with diamonds, and the Queen sent my wife a perfumed diamond chain with bracelets to match.

King Henry's first great sorrow since his mother's death was that of the Duchesse de Bar, his only sister. She was an example of conjugal love. She often repeated this verse of Procopius, changing the word "*Venus*" into that of "*Deus*": "*Omnis amor magnus, sed operto in conjugem major, hanc Venus ut vivat ventilat ipsa facem!*" All the Court went into mourning for this amiable Princess.

Henry was also much annoyed by the constant bickerings between the Queen and the Marquise de Verneuil, his mistress. The latter knew the ascendancy she had over the King, and only used it to drive him to despair, trying constantly to bring about a divorce between him and

Marie de Medicis. This princess was not very amiable and excessively jealous. The greatest dissensions took place between the three, but especially between Henry and Madame de Verneuil, which ended in his boxing her ears. But the Queen did not profit by these quarrels, and instead of showing a little love to her husband, she always treated him coldly, when he attempted to caress her.

I made up my mind to speak to the Queen, and dictated a letter for her to the King; he was delighted, and answered in the same strain. Unfortunately, some of the emissaries pretended that the King had returned to Madame de Verneuil, and I had to begin afresh to try and bring about another reconciliation. Had Queen Marguerite de Valois chosen, she could have inflamed these ill-feelings still further; but she was most disinterested, and behaved throughout admirably. We wrote constantly to one another, and she often expressed herself thus:

"*Vous êtes toujours mon recours, et, après Dieu, l'appui sur lequel je fais le plus de fond.*"

I had many enemies at Court, and Henry now and then could scarcely help believing what I was accused of, notwithstanding the proofs of devotion I had constantly given him. An explanation at last took place, all the accusing papers were carefully read by His Majesty, at the end of which he burnt them, and before all the people who were assembled to wait for the upshot of our interview he said: "*J'aime Rosny plus que jamais, et entre lui et moi, c'est à la mort.*" I knew from this that the heart of Henry was always for me. Immediately afterwards he gave my eldest daughter Marguerite Béthune and her husband 13,000 crowns each.

Marguerite, to revenge herself upon her daughter, who had married Henri de Chabot against her will, produced in 1645, a boy of fifteen, alleging him to be her son by the Duc de Rohan. It was ascertained that this young man whose name was Tancréd, had the tuft of hair of the Rohans on the top of his head.

The arrival of Queen Marguerite de Valois, and the gracious welcome given to her by the King, gave occasion to some wicked speeches amongst the people; however, no notice was taken of them. Her Majesty had been obliged to escape from the Château d'Usson—where she had lived twenty years—disguised as a peasant. Afterwards she had an hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Notwithstanding all her frailties, she was a most

charming, kind, and generous woman, and one of the most accomplished of her time.

The birth of a second son to the throne of France gave much pleasure to Henry, and at that time I received great marks of friendship from His Majesty, which, however, did not prevent some new quarrels; but the services I rendered the King on the assembly of the Calvinists at La Rochelle, and for other good offices, soon re-established our friendship.

The beginning of 1608 was remarkable for its amusements. The King had some Italian actors, and it was always at the Arsenal that most of the *fêtes* took place.

The marriage of my eldest son was celebrated in the course of the year; he married Mdlle. Blanchefort de Créqui, daughter of the Prince de Poix. I had thought of making myself sincere friends by that alliance; however they only remained true to me during the time of my prosperity; they all disappeared when we were disgraced. My enemies, under pretence of zeal, thought of making me change my religion, but I solemnly refused to please the King in this. Notwithstanding this new disagreement, His Majesty offered me his legitimated daughter, Mdlle. Henriette de Vendôme, by G. brielle d'Estrées; but I refused to break with the De Créquis.

Henry, who had some intention of going to Germany, was constantly annoyed by the Queen, as she did not wish he should go before her coronation had taken place. The King consented at last to stay for it. It was the most magnificent scene ever witnessed. During that night the King and Queen had very troublesome dreams about a house falling on the King in the Rue de la Féronnerie. A few evenings afterwards, Henry sent for an astrologer named Thomassin: the latter said His Majesty must beware of the month of May, 1610, designating the day and hour when he was to be killed. The King laughed at him and sent him away, after having set him spinning round the room several times, holding him sometimes by the hand, sometimes by the hair.

One day, dining with Schomberg, who lived with me in the greatest intimacy, a page brought him a note, which he slipped very mysteriously under the arm of Schomberg; I joked him about it, but very soon he left the room, promising to return very quickly. He did so, and told me he had just come back from Mdlle. de Gournay's house, who had heard from Jacqueline le Vayer—who had been in the service of Mdlle. de Verneuil—that a con-

spiracy had been formed against the King, in which the Marquise was implicated.

Henry sent for me several days after the coronation. I was in my bath, and La Varenne, who had come to fetch me, prevented my leaving it, saying, "that the King would probably come himself to the Arsenal, as I was ill." I insisted on going to His Majesty, but La Varenne went back to the palace, and in less than half an hour returned from the King to tell me that I was not to leave the house, as he would call at the Arsenal.

In the afternoon I heard my wife (Rachel de Cotheflet) crying and exclaiming, "Oh my God! all is lost; France is destroyed." I rushed out of my apartment, and I heard on all sides, "The King has been dangerously wounded." Ravallac, who had heard the King asking for his carriage, had said between his teeth, "*Je te tiens, tu es perdu.*" M. de Vitry offered to accompany His Majesty, but he refused him, as well as the attendance of his guard; however, six noblemen entered the carriage, and strange to say, none of them saw the murder perpetrated.

I ran like a madman to the Louvre, where M. de Belancourt said to me, "He is dead." Many people were persuaded that the Cominis had had a share in the death of the King.

Ravallac was born at Angoulême, where he was schoolmaster; he was only thirty-two. His punishment was terrible. He was *tenaillé* to the arms and legs, &c., and his wounds were sprinkled with melted lead, oil, and boiling rosin, and at last torn asunder by four horses; his limbs were consumed by fire, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

Henry was much beloved by his people, he was full of liveliness, and very fond of joking. One day he met a woman leading a cow, and asked her how much she wanted for it. Having answered His Majesty on the point, he said, "*Ventre St. Gris!* it is not worth it; I will give you so much for it."

"I can see," replied the woman, "that you are not a cow merchant."

"And why not, gossip?" said the King, who was accompanied by a large number of noblemen; "see you not all the calves that are following me?"

Another time a great eater was presented to him. "*Ventre St. Gris,*" said he, "if I had six men like you in my kingdom, I would cause them to be hanged; such rogues would soon famish it."

It is reported that one day he boasted to the Spanish Ambassador that he would

breakfast at Milan, hear Mass at Rome, and dine at Naples. The Ambassador replied, "Sire, if your Majesty goes so quickly, he will probably be in time to hear Vespers in Sicily."

"I ask," said this prince, "three things of God every day: that He may be pleased to forgive my enemies; to give me the victory over my passions; and lastly, that I may make good use of the authority that has been given me over my subjects."

No words could depict my sorrow at the death of so dear a master, and I may say of so good a friend; I was heartbroken with misery, and I never can forget the horror that his murder caused me.

The Queen sent a message to me, calling on me immediately to repair to the Louvre, begging me at the same time to bring only a few others with me. This appeared ominous to me, and I sent word to Her Majesty that I could not entirely comply with her request; but immediately afterwards, MM. de Montbazou, de Praslin, and de Schomberg, as well as my brother, were deputed to visit me. I waited, however, till the next day, and at last appeared before Her Majesty, who seemed so much moved that for some time neither of us could speak. The young King was brought to me, and kissed me over and over again.

"My son," said the Queen, "you must love M. de Sully very much, for he was the best servant of your father, and I trust he will serve us as well."

A reception marked with so much distinction and confidence baffled for the time being the plots against me.

In 1611, my enemies were so numerous that I was forced to take steps in order to save myself from disgrace. I wrote to the Regent to justify my conduct: Her Majesty answered graciously, and the King granted me a munificent pension. The Queen-Mother addressed me always in her letters as "My cousin," and signed herself "Your good cousin, Marie."

The Duc de Sully died December 22, 1641. The Duchesse de Sully had a magnificent white marble statue erected in remembrance of her husband.

Villebon, of all the princely dwellings of the Sullys, was the favourite residence of Rosny. The life he led there was one of decency, grandeur, and even state, such as one would expect from a character so grave and serious as his. Besides a great number of equerries, noblemen, and pages who served him, and of ladies and "demoiselles d'honneur" attached to the per-

son of the Duchesse, he had a company of guards with their officers, another of Swiss, and a very large number of servants. It was said by the surgeon attached to the house that he had often counted eighty people in bed, and that the service of the house was in no way hindered by it.

The Duc de Sully was a very early riser, and after having said his prayers and read some religious book, he worked with his four secretaries. When he went out for half an hour or so before dinner, a great bell was rung, which was on the bridge, to give warning of his going out. Most of his people then went to his apartment and lined the foot of the stairs. His equerries, "gentilshommes" and officers led the way, preceded by two Swiss halberdiers. Generally he spoke to some of his relations or friends, then followed his guards.

On entering the dining-room — which was a vast apartment, where the most memorable actions of his life and that of Henry were represented — he sat down to dinner.

The table was very long, and at the top there were two arm-chairs for him and the Duchesse. All his children, married or unmarried and of whatever rank or birth, even the Duchesse de Rohan, had only stools or folding chairs; for in those days the subordination of children to parents was so great that they neither sat nor had their heads covered in their presence, except after having received orders to do so.

His table was served with great magnificence. The lords and ladies of the neighbourhood were alone admitted, with a few of his "gentilshommes" and the ladies and "filles d'honneur" of the Duchesse de Sully.

Except in the case of company, all rose and left the table at dessert. The meal ended, all went to a small *salon* called the "Salon des Illustres," because it was ornamented with the portraits of the popes, kings, princes, and other distinguished or celebrated people, which had been offered by them to Sully.

In another dining-room, beautifully and richly furnished, there was a second table, very nearly as well served as the first. When young people were invited with their parents, they dined at the second table, the Duc saying always: "Vous êtes trop jeunes pour que nous mangions ensemble, et nous nous ennuierions les uns les autres."

When he had spent some time with his guests, he went back to his room to work.

If the weather were fine, he took a walk in the afternoon, followed by the same suite as in the morning, and after taking a few turns in the gardens, he separated himself from the company, and escaping through magnificent avenues of lime-trees, he sat down to think, or admire the splendid panorama that lay stretched before him. Supper passed off like dinner, and then all retired to their respective apartments.

The Duc de Sully would never change the fashion of his clothes. One day, the King having sent for him, the Duc perceived that all the young courtiers—to please the “*Connétable*,” de Luynes—laughed at Sully, and he said to Louis XIII: “*Sire, quand le feu roi votre père, de glorieuse mémoire, me faisait l'honneur de m'appeler auprès de sa personne, pour s'entretenir avec moi sur ses grandes et importantes affaires, il faisait sortir les bouffons.*” The King at once gave orders for every one of them to leave the room.

Subordination, order, and peace reigned among his numerous people. He never made any difference between the Catholics and the Calvinists who served him, except by his being anxious that the former should be exact in attending to their religious duties. Except the Duchess de Rohan, all his children died in the Roman Catholic faith.

From Saint Pauls.

COMETS AND COMETS' TAILS.

AMONG the many startling suggestions recently thrown out by men of science, not one, perhaps, has seemed more amazing to the general public than the idea put forward by Sir W. Thomson in the able address with which he inaugurated the late meeting of the British Association—that life on the earth may have had its origin from seeds borne to our planet by meteors, the remnants of former worlds. Coupling this startling theory with the partly-admitted view that the tails of comets and comets themselves consist of meteoric flights, he presented the “*hairy stars*” which men so long viewed with terror in a somewhat novel light. Regarded not so many years ago as probably the vehicles of the Almighty's wrath, comets are made by this new hypothesis to appear as the parents of universal life. How would Whiston, and those who thought with him that a comet in old times effected the destruction of all living things (save a

chosen few) with water, and that a comet at perhaps no very distant future would destroy the whole earth with fire, have contemplated a theory according to which the seed-bearing fragments of a comet's tail peopled the earth with all the living things which at present exist upon its surface? The “*fear of change*” with which in old times comets perplexed the nations must be replaced, it would seem, by another sort of fear. We need not dread the approaching dissolution of the world through cometic agency, though the thought of a vast catastrophe may be suggested by the consideration that we see in the comet but the fragments of another world. But, if this new theory should be accepted, we have reason to regard with apprehension the too close approach of one of these visitants; because, if one comet supplied the seeds of the living things now existing on the world, another may supply myriads of seeds of undesirable living things; and mayhap the sequent struggle for life may not result in the survival of the fittest.

It is hardly necessary for me to say, perhaps, that I am not troubled by such misgivings. I can scarcely bring myself to believe, indeed, that the eminent professor was serious in urging his hypothesis of seed-bearing meteors. Englishmen speak sometimes of the slowness with which a Scotsman apprehends a jest; but the Scotsman may return the compliment—so far, at least, as the southern estimate of Scottish humour is concerned. For a true Scot makes his jests with a gravity and *aplomb* unequalled among Sassenach humorists. It is far from improbable that the seriousness with which the seed-bearing meteorites have been discussed proved infinitely amusing to the gathering of the clans in Edinburgh. Thomson and Tait, Andrews and Geikie, Stewart and Lockyer, in fine, all the Scottish men of science who were present at the gathering, may be ready to retort Sydney Smith's gibe, maintaining henceforth that nothing short of a surgical operation will enable an Englishman to appreciate Scottish humour.

For it will be noticed that the explanation of the origin of life upon our globe leaves the real question of the origin of life where it was. The theory, in this respect, resembles that undoubtedly humorous account which the Hindoo sages gave of the manner in which our earth is supported; and precisely as the Hindoo student of science might ask how the tortoise who supports the earth is himself sup-

ported, so may we ask how the worlds which, by bursting, supplied space with seed-bearing meteors, were themselves peopled with living things. This circumstance of itself throws an air of doubt over the new hypothesis, as a seriously-intended account of the origin of life on our earth. It may seem superfluous to add that in a collision by which a world was shivered into fragments the seeds of life would have what may be described as a warm time, since the collision could hardly fail to vaporize the destroyed world. The fiery heat generated by the collision, followed by a voyage during myriads of millions of ages through the inconceivable cold of space, and, lastly, by the fierce heat which accompanies the fall of meteoric masses upon our earth, would seem so unfavourable to the germs of life, that Pouchet himself might accept with confidence the belief that all such germs had been completely destroyed before reaching this planet.

But while the theory of seed-bearing meteors can hardly be regarded as a complete solution of the perplexing problem of the origin of life, the facts to which the eminent Scottish professor referred while discussing it are of singular interest and importance. The whole history of recent scientific research into the subject of the relation between meteors and comets is full of instruction. To the readers of this magazine that history will be in great part familiar, because, in the number for November, 1869, a paper by the present writer appeared, in which a popular account was given of the researches of Schiaparelli, Adams, Leverrier, and those other men of science who have placed meteoric astronomy in its present position. I propose here, therefore, to take for granted many of the conclusions dealt with in my former paper. This will enable me to discuss with greater freedom, as regards space, the views respecting comets, and more especially cometic appendages, which seem to be suggested by observed phenomena, taken in connection with the association recently recognized between comets and meteors. The subject is as yet too new for the enunciation of definite theories, and far less can we safely dogmatize respecting it. But much has been established which will well bear careful investigation, and I believe that the conclusions which may be fairly deduced from observations already made are much more important than is commonly supposed.

The phenomena presented by comets

have long perplexed astronomers. Setting aside the fact that the head of a comet strictly obeys the law of gravitation, there is scarcely one known fact respecting comets which astronomers have succeeded in interpreting to their satisfaction. The facts recently ascertained, striking and important though they undoubtedly are, yet not only fail to explain the phenomena of comets, but are absolutely more perplexing than any which had before come to light. The present position of cometic astronomy is, in fact, this:—Many facts are known, and many others may be inferred; but these facts have yet to be combined in such a way as to afford a consistent theory respecting comets.

It is now known that the comets which are so brilliant as to attract general notice are but a few among those which actually approach the earth. The telescope detects each year (with scarcely an exception) more than one comet. It is probable, indeed, that if systematic search were diligently made, many comets would be detected yearly.* Already, however, nearly seven hundred comets have been the reward of modern telescopic research.

Of observed comets, only the more brilliant are adorned with tails of considerable length. But nearly all comets show, during their approach towards the sun, a certain lengthening of their figure, corresponding to the change which, in the case of larger comets, precedes the formation of a tail. So that a tail may be regarded as a normal, or at least a natural, appendage of comets—though special conditions may be requisite for the evolution of the appendage. This will appear the more probable when the fact is noted that, in all cases where a tail is formed, this tail appears as an extension of the part of the head known as the *coma* or *hair*—the fainter light surrounding the *nucleus* of the comet—and no comet has ever appeared without showing a coma during one period or another of its existence. Commonly, the coma continues visible as long as the comet itself can be discerned, though there have been instances in which the comet seems to have been shorn of its hair; and, in one noteworthy instance, a comet of considerable splendour lost in a few days both its tail and hair.

Now when we consider the remarkable appearance which the tails of comets have presented, the great variety of their aspect, and the wonderful changes which

* A prize has been offered to the astronomer or telescopist who shall first succeed in discovering eight comets within the year.

have been noted in the appearance of one and the same comet, we begin to recognize the enormous difficulty of the problem which astronomers have to solve. It will be instructive to discuss some of these peculiarities at length, because they seem to oppose themselves in a very striking manner to theories which have been somewhat confidently urged of late.

In the earliest ages of the history of our subject, the fact was noted that the tails of comets commonly lie in the direction opposite to the place of the sun. Apian, indeed, was the first European astronomer who observed this peculiarity, but M. Biot has succeeded in proving that the discovery had been made long before by Chinese astronomers.

If the tail of a comet strictly obeyed this rule, if it were always directed in a perfectly straight line from the sun's place, the peculiarity might admit perhaps of a tolerably simple explanation. This, however, is not in general the case; in fact, I do not know of a single instance in which a comet's tail has extended exactly in the direction of a line from the sun throughout the tail's whole length. The tail of an approaching comet generally seems to bend towards the track along which the comet has recently passed, and the effect, when the tail is long, is to give the appendage a slight curvature. To cite only one instance out of many, it will be sufficient to refer to the splendid comet which appeared in 1858, and was known as Donati's. Soon after the first appearance of the tail a slight curvature could be recognized in the appendage; and this curvature became gradually more and more conspicuous, until, to use Sir John Herschel's words, the tail "assumed at length that superb aigrette-like form, like a tall plume wafted by the breeze, which has never probably formed so conspicuous a feature in any previous comet."

Here is a peculiarity which at once serves to dispose of the theory according to which the tail of a comet is to be compared to a beam of light such as a lantern throws amid darkness. The theory seems so naturally suggested by the general fact that a comet's tail tends from the sun, as to lead many to forget that the so-called beam of light thrown by a lantern is in reality due to the illumination of material particles; and that in the case of a comet we can neither explain why particles *behind* the comet (with regard to the sun) should be more brilliantly illuminated than others, nor how the particles come to be there at all. Despite these and other

difficulties, the "negative shadow" theory, as it has been called, has been again and again urged, though only to be again and again refuted.

Let it be noted, however, before other peculiarities are considered, that the curvature of comets' tails is no argument against the ingenious theory by which Professor Tyndall has endeavoured to explain their direction from the sun. According to this theory, the passage of light through and beyond the head of the comet is the real cause to which the appearance of the tail is to be ascribed. But a physical process is supposed to occur as the light traverses the region behind the comet; and the rate at which this process takes place need not necessarily correspond to the enormous velocity with which light travels. So that, instead of the whole tail being exactly in a straight line with the head and the sun, as it must be (appreciably) if the phenomenon were a mere luminous track, the end of the tail (the part formed earliest) would lie in the direction of a solar ray through the place occupied *some time earlier* by the head. This, in fact, corresponds somewhat closely with observed appearances; and so far Professor Tyndall's theory receives undoubted support from recognized facts.

Indeed, we seem almost driven to the conclusion that some such action as Tyndall has conceived takes place in the formation of a comet's tail—that either light, or electricity, or some swiftly travelling cause, is at work—by the marvellous rapidity with which in some instances the tail of a comet has seemingly changed its position. The comet of 1680, commonly known as Newton's comet, affords a remarkable instance of this. I take the following narrative from Sir John Herschel's "Familiar Lectures," article "Comets," noting that the student of the subject, and especially the student of those theories which have of late been advanced respecting comets, would do well to study that paper carefully, as well as the chapter on "Halley's Comet" in Herschel's volume on his Cape observations:—"The comet passed its perihelion (that is, the point of its course nearest to the sun) on December 8, and when nearest to the sun was only one-sixth of the sun's diameter from his surface"—travelling at the rate of 1,200,000 miles an hour. "*Now observe one thing,*" says Herschel; "the distance from the sun's centre was about one-160th part of our distance from it. All the heat we enjoy on this earth comes from the sun.

Imagine the heat we should have to endure if the sun were to approach us, or we the sun, to one-160th part of its present distance. It would not be merely as if 160 suns were shining on us all at once, but 160 times 160, according to a rule which is well known to all who are conversant with such matters. Now, that is 25,600. Only imagine a glare 25,600 times fiercer than that of an equatorial sunshine at noonday, with the sun vertical. And again, only conceive a light 25,600 times more glaring than the glare of such a noonday! In such a heat there is no substance we know of which would not run like water,—boil,—and be converted into smoke or vapour. No wonder the comet gave evidence of violent excitement, coming from the cold region outside the planetary system, torpid and icebound. Already, when arrived even in our temperate region, it began to show signs of internal activity; the head had begun to develop and the tail to elongate till the comet was for a time lost sight of. No human eye beheld the wondrous spectacle it must have offered on the 8th December. Only four days afterwards, however, it was seen; and its tail, whose direction was reversed, and which, observe, could not possibly be the same tail it had before—(for it is not to be conceived as a stick brandished round, or a flaming sword, but fresh matter continually streaming forth)—its tail, I say, had already lengthened to an extent of about ninety millions of miles, so that it must have been shot out with immense force in a direction from the sun, a force far greater than that with which the sun acted on and controlled the head of the comet itself, which, as the reader will have observed, took from November 10 to December 8, or twenty-eight days, to fall to the sun from the same distance, and that with all the velocity it had on November 10 to start with."

My readers will doubtless remember that in his address to the British Association Sir W. Thomson referred to the above passage, with the express object of commending the simplicity with which a theory lately suggested by Professor Tait seems to explain all the facts referred to by Sir John Herschel. According to this theory the tail of a comet consists of a multitude of meteors, travelling in a sort of flat flight, like sea-birds; and the seemingly rapid extension of a comet's tail is not due to the rapid projection of matter in the direction from the sun, but merely to a shifting of our position with respect to the level of the meteoric flight. Pre-

cisely as a flight of birds, scarcely visible when its level is slanted, may become visible along its entire length when the level is turned edgewise towards the observer, so a change of the earth's position, bringing her near the level of a meteoric flight, might cause the whole length of the flight to become visible, and thus an appendage of the nature of a tail might seem to grow with inconceivable rapidity, although in reality it had existed with the same degree of extension before it became visible to us.

This theory—to which, says Professor Thomson, the name of "the sea-bird analogy" has been given—has not yet found a place in treatises on astronomy; and with all deference to its author, I would submit that astronomers are not to be blamed for rejecting it. Its simplicity is great, no doubt; but its adequacy to account for cometic phenomena may be more than questioned. It seems barely equal to account for the visibility of a comet's tail, account being had of the enormous number of meteors which would be required that the reflected light might be recognizable even when the flight was seen edgewise. But it offers no explanation whatever of the direction in which comets' tails are commonly seen—still less of the generally observed curvature of the tail. And if we take the special account from which Sir W. Thomson has drawn reasons for favourably commenting on Tait's theory, we shall certainly find much in Sir John Herschel's narrative to throw doubt on the "sea-bird" theory. For the tail of the comet (regarded as a real entity) swept round like a brandished stick—so that either continually new flights of meteors were seen successively edgewise, the order of succession being such as to correspond to the changing position of the tail, or else the same flight—remaining throughout so placed as to be seen edgewise—swept round as described. Now the latter view may be dismissed at once. It is the essential point of Herschel's reasoning, and is clearly demonstrable according to the laws of motion, that no meteors which were behind the comet before its approach to the sun could be 90,000,000 miles in front of the comet only four days after that approach—in other words, no meteors, forming the tail in the first position could have reached a position undoubtedly occupied by some meteors (on the supposition we are considering) four days afterwards. As for the former view, according to which the tail after the comet's passage by the sun was formed of

other flights of meteors than had formed the tail before this passage, it must be rejected on account simply of its being utterly incredible. If the comet had been thus girt about by meteor systems, the sun himself would have been darkened as the comet swept past. And even if we admitted these multiple flights in this and other instances (for Newton's comet was not the only one which has exhibited the peculiarity), it still remains utterly unintelligible why the flights behind the comet should be visible while the comet was approaching, and those in front of the comet while the comet was passing away.

The actual facts respecting the seeming motions of a comet's tail are, indeed, not always adequately realized by students of astronomy. We so often hear a comet's tail described as a vast stream of light extending behind the comet—like the wake behind a swiftly-sailing ship—that we are apt to forget that in reality it is only while a comet is approaching the sun that the tail even approximates to this rearward position. So soon as the comet has commenced its journey away from the sun, the tail is carried in advance—more and more in advance as the comet gets farther and farther away—until at length the tail lies nearly on the track which the comet is about to follow. At this time the comet's head is moving almost as if it were about to rush into the body of the tail.

But it is noteworthy that the tail of a comet at no time agrees in position with any part of the path of the comet. So that if we accept as strictly true the theory that certain meteor systems—as notably those which produce the August and November showers—follow *exactly* in the path of certain comets, we are bound to accept the conclusion that, whatever the connection between the comet and the meteor system may be, the meteor system is certainly not the comet's tail.

We are thus led to inquire into the circumstances which attend the formation of a comet's tail. We have seen how the tail behaves, and how its motions appear to suggest the idea of a force of some sort exerted repulsively by the sun. Let us inquire whether the telescopic scrutiny of the comet's head appears to confirm this idea.

No comet was ever studied so carefully with high telescopic powers as the splendid comet of 1858 already referred to. The remarks of Sir John Herschel on the subject of the drawings executed by Professor

Bond,* of America, may still be quoted without a word of change; the series of engravings in which the comet is represented in every stage of its progress still "leaves far behind—in point of exquisite finish and beauty of delineation—everything hitherto done in that department of astronomy."

Like all large comets, Donati's, when studied with powerful telescopic means, showed a capping or envelope of light around the bright central nucleus. This envelope was separated by a dark interval from the nucleus; but a connection could be traced between the two in the form of jets of light which seemed to issue from different parts of the nucleus, "giving rise," says Sir John Herschel, "by their more or less oblique presentation to the eye, to exceedingly varied appearances—sometimes like the spokes of a wheel or the radial sticks of a fan, sometimes blotted by patches of irregular light, and sometimes interrupted by equally irregular blots of darkness." A month and a half after the first appearance of the tail, the nucleus was seen to be surrounded by no less than three distinct envelopes, each of the two outer being related to the next inner envelope in the same way that the innermost was related to the nucleus; that is, there was a dark intervening space crossed by radial streaks of light. Professor Bond considered that these "had been thrown off in intermittent succession, as if the forces of ejection had been temporarily exhausted, and again and again resumed a phase of activity; the peculiar action by which the matter of the envelopes was ultimately driven into the tail, taking place, not on the surface of the nucleus, but at successively higher levels." But Sir John Herschel, from whom the above account of Bond's ideas has been taken, considered rather that the matter forming the envelopes was, as it were, *sifted* "by solar action—the *levitating* portion of it being hurried off, the *gravitating* remaining behind in the form of a transparent, gaseous, non-reflective medium."

Only a few days after the formation of these three envelopes, a striking change took place in the telescopic aspect of the comet, or rather in the aspect which it presented when seen, even with the naked

* The telescope employed by Professor Bond, of America, was a fine refractor, 15 inches in aperture, similar in all respects to the celebrated Poulikowa refractor, and to the fine telescope which is commonly called the Great Equatorial of the Greenwich Observatory.

eye, in a clear atmosphere. A new tail made its appearance beside the main or primary tail. The new tail was perfectly straight, and very narrow, and, unlike the primary tail, was directed almost exactly from the sun. Soon after another tail, similar in its general appearance, but somewhat fainter, was discerned. This tail was seen on one or two subsequent nights; but only when the atmospheric conditions were very favourable. "These appearances were presented," says Sir John Herschel, "from the 28th September (1858) to the 11th October. They are peculiarly instructive, as they clearly indicate *an analysis of the cometic matter by the sun's repulsive action*—the matter of the secondary tails being evidently darted off with incomparably greater velocity (indicating an incomparably greater intensity of repulsive energy) than that which went to form the primary one." Sir John Herschel does not notice the seeming connection between the appearance of these new tails and the formation of the additional envelopes. The three envelopes were first seen on the 24th September, and they remained visible until the 10th of October. The new tails were first noticed on the 28th September, as though some little time had been occupied in their formation from the matter of the outer envelopes, and they continued visible till the 11th of October, or one day longer than the envelopes, as though some interval were required for their dissipation. This circumstance seems highly significant, more especially when it is considered in connection with the condition of the head during the continuance of the triple envelope. For during this interval, "and especially," says Herschel, "from the 7th to the 10th of October,—that is to say, when the full effect of the sun's perihelion action had been endured,—the nucleus offered every appearance of most violent and, so to speak, angry excitement, evidenced by the complicated structure and convolutions of the jets issuing from it." "From this time," he adds, "until the comet's final disappearance, the violence of action gradually calmed down, while the comet itself went southwards, and at length vanished from our horizon."

I would notice in passing that the circumstances here related seem to throw some light on a phenomenon which has hitherto proved most perplexing—the appearance of comets having multiple tails. The accounts which have been given of such comets seem utterly inexplicable, unless we adopt a theory resembling that

which Sir John Herschel has touched on in the passages I have quoted. The comet of 1807 had two tails, neither of which agreed exactly with a line tending directly from the sun. The comet of 1823 had in like manner two tails; but the position of one of these was wholly abnormal, since this tail was directed *towards*, instead of from the sun. This might perplex us, were it not for the observed fact that the repulsive energy by which (in whatever way) the sun seems to sweep from his neighbourhood the matter of comets' tails, seems to struggle in the first place with a tendency in the matter of the comet's head to form one or more jets *towards* the sun. We may suppose that the tail directed towards the sun was simply a jet of this sort, able (owing to some exceptional feature in its constitution) to resist the sun's repulsive action. Side tails have been noticed in several instances,—a fact which seems readily explicable by Herschel's theory. Less intelligible at first sight is the account of the great comet of 1843 as seen at Chili; for this comet is said to have had "a lateral tail issuing from the original one at a distance of ten degrees from the head, and extending to a much greater length than the other." It seems reasonable to suppose that in this instance two sorts of matter had been entangled together, as it were, when first swept away from the head, a separation only taking place after they had already been carried together to a considerable distance; thenceforth, it would seem, each kind of matter obeyed its own special law of retreat from the nucleus. We should, therefore, still have a process of sifting, complicated, so to speak, by the condition in which the repulsed matter left the head of the comet in the first instance.

But perhaps the comet which of all others seems to afford the most striking evidence of the justice of Herschel's theory is the remarkable comet of 1744. According to Chéseaux this comet had no less than six tails spread in the manner of a fan. Now, in a case of this sort we must not forget to take special notice of the fact that a comet is not a flat object painted, so to speak, upon the surface of the celestial vault, but an object occupying a certain region of space. We are forbidden, therefore, to regard the six seeming tails of the comet of 1744 as being in reality six distinct tails, unless we are prepared with some explanation of their symmetrical adjustment. So far as I am aware this circumstance has not hitherto been noticed adequately, or at all, in our treat-

tises on astronomy. When we see a straight-tailed comet, like that of 1811, showing two well-marked and nearly parallel striations, which seem to extend from either side of the head, and enclose between them a space of comparative darkness, we are not led to regard these bounding streaks as two distinct tails. We accept, on the contrary, the explanation suggested by the aspect of the comet, and regard the tail as shaped like a hollow cone. This accords well, be it noted in passing, with Herschel's theory; for the envelope round the nucleus, if swept away by the sun's repulsive energy, would form a conical shell of matter behind the head, much as a vertical jet of water, caused to spread during its upward motion, descends in a hollow conical* shell of spray beneath the level of the jet. But while we thus interpret the appearance of a straight-tailed comet, we are apt to apply a different and, in reality, inadmissible mode of interpretation to comets whose structure seems more complex. Now, if we extend to the six-tailed comet of 1744 the same principle of interpretation that we apply to the straight-tailed comet of 1811, we shall be led to regard the former as not in reality six-tailed, but three-tailed. Three conical shells of luminous matter, one inside the other, and separated from each other by dark spaces, would present an appearance resembling that of the multiple tail of the comet of 1744. Nor would the curvature actually seen in the tails of that comet render this interpretation less satisfactory since this peculiarity corresponds precisely with what is observed in less complex cometic appendages. Now, in order to account for the existence of three tails, one inside the other, we need only conceive that the comet of 1744 had three envelopes, like those seen round the nucleus of Donati's comet, and that precisely as the matter of a single envelope swept away by solar repulsion produces a single tail, so the matter of these three envelopes similarly swept away produced three tails, the inner enveloped by the two outer. It is not absolutely necessary, however, to assume that the three tails thus formed successive shells; for each envelope of the head may have had its own distinct tail thrown off in its own distinct direction. Indeed, the

aspect of the three tails of Donati's comet would seem to render this view the more probable, for the two fainter tails came from one side of the head, as though they severally formed but the halves of complete shell-formed tails, the other halves being, perhaps, hidden from our view by the primary tail.

It must not be forgotten that the theory which I have here employed as the basis of these several ideas was one which Sir John Herschel regarded as demonstrated by the evidence he obtained while observing Halley's comet in 1836. When Sir John Herschel spoke of a theory as demonstrated, one might fairly conclude that overwhelming evidence had been obtained in its favour—for few surpassed him in scientific caution. Now the terms in which he spoke on this subject are undoubtedly most positive—far more so, I believe, than in any other passage which can be quoted from his works. I refer here specially to the words used at p. 406 of Herschel's great work, "The results of Astronomical Observations made at the Cape of Good Hope." But his account of the comet, and of later comets, in his charming series of "Familiar Essays," leaves no doubt on the reader's mind that the great astronomer, after more than twenty years' further study of the subject, still retained his conviction. "The whole series of the phenomena presented by this comet has given us," he says, "more insight into the interior economy of a comet, and the forces developed in it by the sun's action, than anything before or since." And further on he remarks that clearly the tail of a comet is neither more nor less than the accumulation of a sort of luminous vapour, *darted off in the first instance towards the sun*, as if it were something raised up, and as it were exploded by the sun's heat, out of the kernel, and then immediately and forcibly turned back and repelled from the sun.

Nor does this account of the formation of a comet's tail seem otherwise than perfectly reconcilable with the observed association between meteors and comets. Indeed, it is well worthy of notice that in the great work already referred to, Sir John Herschel does, in the most distinct way, anticipate this remarkable discovery, besides supplying a partial interpretation of the association. "Supposing the approach of a comet to the sun," he says, "to be such as to enable the repulsive force to overcome the attractive in those portions of its tail remote from the nucleus, they would, of course be driven off irrecovera-

* I have purposely avoided here the proper technical words for describing the shape of the spray-fall. The actual shape of any portion of the shell beneath a certain level is fairly described as conical—that is, this portion of the shell corresponds in shape to a portion of a cone's surface.

bly. The separation of a portion of the tail, here contemplated, could hardly be accomplished without carrying off some portion of the gravitating matter."

It happens singularly enough that one of the two comets which have alone as yet been fairly associated with meteoric systems was observed by Sir John Herschel,—"with septuagenarian eyes," he mentions,—and that his remarks respecting its appearance bear in an interesting manner on the subject of the connection between comets and meteors. I refer to the great comet of 1862, which has been shown by Schiaparelli to travel in the same path, or very nearly so, as the August meteors. With Sir John Herschel's account of this comet I shall conclude this paper, already drawn out to a greater length than I had proposed. It will be noticed that the observed appearances serve to connect several of the facts already referred to. After noting the circumstances under which this comet came into view, Herschel remarks that "it passed us closely and swiftly, swelling into importance, and dying away with unusual rapidity. The phenomena exhibited by its nucleus and head were on this account peculiarly interesting and instructive, it being only on very rare occasions that a comet can be closely inspected at the very crisis of its fate, so that we can witness the actual effect of the sun's rays on it. In this instance, the pouring forth of the cometic matter from the singularly bright and highly condensed nucleus, took place in a single compact stream, which, after attaining a short distance, equal to rather less than a diameter of the nucleus itself, was so suddenly broken up and dispersed as to give, on the first inspection, the impression of a double nucleus. The direction of this jet varied considerably from day to day, but always declined more or less from the exact direction from the sun." It seems far from improbable that what was here witnessed represented the actual generation now of August meteors, and that at some more or less distant epoch portions of the matter thus swept away from the comet of 1862 may take their part in producing a display of falling stars.

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SOME WORDS ABOUT SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VARIOUS enthusiastic persons have recently been celebrating the centenary of Sir W. Scott's birth. Some people may

possibly inquire whether there is any particular reason for remembering a man at the distance of precisely one hundred years from his first appearance in the world. Would not a more appropriate epoch be at the expiration of a similar period from the appearance of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* or of *Waverley*? And that suggests the further question whether the celebration, if postponed to the year 1905 or 1914, would produce any vivid enthusiasm. The doubt would have seemed profane a very few years ago; and yet we may already, perhaps, find some reason for suspecting that the great "Wizard" has lost some of his magic power, and that the warmth of our first love is departed. How many of those ladies and gentlemen who recently appeared in costume at the Waverley Ball were able to draw upon the stores of their memory, and how many were forced to cram for the occasion? A question, perhaps, not to be asked; but certainly one not to be answered with too much confidence by those who reflect upon the stock of information generally at the disposal of a well-educated English man or woman. We have heard it said—in private, be it understood, for such utterances do not so easily find their way into print, and least of all do they intrude into the speeches of centenary orators—that Scott is dull. People whisper dark hints of their hesitating allegiance to literary monarchs before the voice of rebellion swells into open expression. Yet even a muttered discontent sounds strange to middle-aged persons, who, in their school-boy days, could spout the Death of Marmion or the Description of Melrose Abbey, till wise elders checked their undue excitement, or who followed with breathless interest the heroics of Meg Merrilies, and felt for the gallant Locksley almost as warm an enthusiasm as for the immortal Shaw the Lifeguardsman. Perhaps even the fame of that hero is growing dim. We don't talk about the Battle of Waterloo so much as formerly, and should rather blush to quote the "Up, Guards, and at them," even if historical criticism had not ruined that with so many other fine phrases. And yet, to couple the name of Scott with dulness sounds profane, especially when one remembers the kind of literature which is bought with avidity at railway bookstalls, and, for some mysterious reason, supposed to be amusing. If Scott is to be called dull, what reputation is to be pronounced safe? Will our descendants yawn portentously over the *Pickwick Papers*, wonder how anybody could have

been amused by the humours of Dick Swiveller, and even find fault with Mrs. Gamp? Greater revolutions have taken place in the popular taste. One literary dynasty succeeds another with strange rapidity; and the number of writers who enjoy what we are pleased to call immortality is singularly small. How many English authors between Shakspeare and Scott are still alive, in the sense of being familiar, not merely to students, but to the ordinary bulk of conventionally "educated persons?" Not long ago an author took for his motto a passage from one of Pope's most famous poems, which was known by heart to all our grandfathers. Amongst a large circle of highly intelligent readers scarcely one could trace it, to its origin. A few fragments of Pope have fixed themselves in our stock of generally-known quotations, and he is far less dead than most of our great reputations; but in spite of his vivacity and his brilliance, the bulk of his writings has retired from our tables to our bookshelves. How many people can now read *Clarissa Harlowe* which so many great authorities have pronounced to be the masterpiece of English fiction? Would any large minority of first-class men be ready to stand an examination in *Tom Jones* or *Tristram Shandy*? But our scepticism is, perhaps, leading us upon dangerous ground. It is enough to say that, if the charge of dullness merely means that the same change is passing over Scott which has already dimmed the glory of Fielding and Richardson and Pope, and almost every eminent writer in the language, it may be admitted without offence. It means merely that he has lost the gloss of novelty which alone induces those people to read whose reading is habitually conducted at a gallop. Nobody can kill an hour in an express train who has been dead for twenty-five years. The question, however, must be asked whether the decay of interest in Scott does not mean something more than this. The lapse of time must, in all cases, corrode some of the alloy with which the pure metal of all, even of the very first writers, is inevitably mixed. That Scott adulterated his writings with inferior materials, and in some cases beat out his gold uncommonly thin, cannot be denied. But when time has done its worst, will there be some permanent residue to delight a distant posterity, or will his whole work gradually crumble into fragments? Will some of his best performances stand out like a cathedral amongst ruined hovels, or will they all sink into the dust together,

and the outlines of what once charmed the world be traced only by Dryasdust and the historians of literature? It is a painful task to examine such questions impartially. This probing a great reputation and doubting whether we can come to anything solid at the bottom, is specially painful in regard to Scott. For he has, at least, this merit, that he is one of those rare natures for whom we feel not merely admiration but affection. We cherish the fame of Byron or Pope or Swift, in spite of, not on account of, their personal characters; if we satisfied ourselves that their literary reputations were founded on the sand, we might partly console ourselves with the thought that we were only depriving bad men of a title to genius. But for Scott most men feel in even stronger measure that kind of warm fraternal regard which Macaulay and Thackeray expressed for the amiable, but, perhaps, rather cold-blooded, Addison. The manliness and the sweetness of the man's nature predispose us to return the most favourable verdict in our power. And we may add that Scott is one of the last great English writers whose influence extended beyond his island, and gave a stimulus to the development of European thought. We cannot afford to surrender our faith in one to whom, whatever his permanent merits, we must trace so much that is characteristic of the mind of the nineteenth century. Whilst, finally, if we have any Scotch blood in our veins, we must be more or less than men to turn a deaf ear to the promptings of patriotism. When Shakspeare's fame decays everywhere else, the inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon, if it still exist, should still revere their tutelary saint; and the old town of Edinburgh should tremble in its foundations when a sacrilegious hand is laid upon the glory of Scott.

Let us, however, take courage, and, with such impartiality as we may possess, endeavour to sift the wheat from the chaff. And, by way of following a safe guide, let us dwell for a little on the judgment pronounced upon Scott by one whose name should never be mentioned without profound respect, and who has a special claim to be heard in this case. Mr. Carlyle is both a man of genius and a Scotchman. His own writings show in every line that he comes of the same strong Protestant race from which Scott received his best qualities. "The Scotch national character," says Mr. Carlyle himself, "originates in many circumstances. First of all, the Saxon stuff there was to work on;

but next, and beyond all else except that, in the Presbyterian gospel of John Knox. It seems a good national character, and, on some sides, not so good. Let Scott thank John Knox, for he owed him much, little as he dreamed of debt in that quarter! No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott: the good and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him." Nothing more true; and yet the words would be even more strikingly appropriate if for Walter Scott we substitute Thomas Carlyle. Even *Sartor Resartus* loses preceptibly unless it is read with a broad Scotch accent. And to this source of sympathy we might add others. Who in this generation could rival Scott's talent for the picturesque, unless it be Mr. Carlyle? Who has done so much to apply the lesson which Scott, as he says, first taught us — that the "bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies, and abstractions of men?" If Scott would in old days — we still quote his critic — have harried cattle in Tynedale or cracked crowns in Redswire, would not Mr. Carlyle have thundered from the pulpit of John Knox his own gospel, only in slightly altered phraseology — that shams should not live but die, and that men should do what work lies nearest to their hands, as in the presence of the eternities and the infinite silences?

That last parallel reminds us that if there are points of similarity, there are contrasts both wide and deep. The rugged old apostle had probably a very low opinion of moss-troopers, and Mr. Carlyle has a message to deliver to his fellow-creatures which is not quite according to Scott. And thus we see throughout his interesting essay a kind of struggle between two opposite tendencies — a genuine liking for the man, tempered by a sense that Scott dealt rather too much in those same shams to pass muster with a stern moral censor. Nobody can touch Scott's character more finely. There is a perfect little anecdote told in charming Carlylese which every reader must remember: how there was a "little Blenheim cocker" of singular sensibility and sagacity; how the said cocker would at times fall into musings like those of a Wertherean poet, and lived in perpetual fear of strangers, regarding them all as potentially dog-stealers; how the dog was, nevertheless, endowed with "most amazing moral tact," and specially hated the genus *quack*, and, above all, that of *acrid-quack*. "These," says Mr. Carlyle,

"though never so clear-starched, bland-smiling, and beneficent, he absolutely would have no trade with. Their very sugar-cake was unavailing. He said with emphasis, as clearly as barking could say it, 'Acrid-quack, avaunt!'" But once, when "a tall, irregular, busy-looking man came halting by," that wise, nervous little dog ran towards him, and began "fawning, frisking, licking at the feet" of Sir Walter Scott. No reader of reviews could have done better, says Mr. Carlyle; and indeed, that canine testimonial was worth having. We prefer that little anecdote, told with a humour which reminds us oddly of Lamb, even to Lockhart's account of the pig which had a romantic affection for the author of *Waverley*. Its relater at least perceived and loved that unaffected benevolence, which invested even Scott's bodily presence with a kind of natural aroma, perceptible, as it would appear, to very far-away cousins. But Mr. Carlyle is on his guard, and though his sympathy flows kindly enough, it is rather harshly intercepted by his sterner mood. He cannot, indeed, but warm to Scott at the end. After touching on the sad scene of Scott's closing years, at once ennobled and embittered by that last desperate struggle to clear off the burden of debt, he concludes with genuine feeling. "It can be said of Scott, when he departed he took a man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it — we shall never see it again. Adieu Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen; take our proud and sad farewell."

And now it is time to turn to the failings which, in Mr. Carlyle's opinion, mar this pride of all Scotchmen, and make his permanent reputation doubtful. The faults upon which he dwells are, of course, those which are more or less acknowledged by all sound critics. Scott, says Mr. Carlyle, had no great gospel to deliver; he had nothing of the martyr about him; he slew no monsters and stirred no deep emotions. He did not believe in anything, and he did not even disbelieve in anything: he was content to take the world as it came — the false and the true mixed indistinguishably together. One Ram-dass, a Hindoo, "who set up for god-head lately," being asked what he meant to do with the sins

of mankind, replied that "he had fire enough in his belly to burn up all the sins in the world." Ram-dass had some "spice of sense in him." Now, of fire of that kind we can detect few sparks in Scott. He was a thoroughly healthy, sound, vigorous Scotchman, with an eye for the main chance, but not much of an eye for the eternities. And that unfortunate commercial element, which caused the misery of his life, was equally mischievous to his work. He cared for no results of his working but such as could be seen by the eye, and, in one sense or other, "handled, looked at, and buttoned into the breeches'-pocket." He regarded literature rather as a trade than an art; and literature, unless it is a very poor affair, should have higher aims than that of "harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men." Scott would not afford the time or the trouble to go to the root of the matter, and is content to amuse us with mere contrasts of costume, which will lose their interest when the swallow-tail is as obsolete as the buff-coat. And then he fell into the modern sin of extempore writing, and deluged the world with the first hasty overflowings of his mind, instead of straining and refining it till he could bestow the pure essence upon us. In short, his career is summed up in the phrase that it was "writing impromptu novels to buy farms with"—a melancholy end, truly, for a man of rare genius. Nothing is sadder than to hear of such a man "writing himself out;" and it is pitiable, indeed, that Scott should be the example of that fate which rises most naturally to our minds. "Something very perfect in its kind," says Mr. Carlyle, "might have come from Scott, nor was it a low kind—nay, who knows how high, with studious self-concentration, he might have gone: what wealth nature implanted in him, which his circumstances, most unkind while seeming to be kindest, had never impelled him to unfold?"

There is undoubtedly some truth in the severer criticisms to which some more kindly sentences are a pleasant relief; and there is something too which most persons will be apt to consider as rather harsher than necessary. Is not the moral preacher intruding a little too much on the province of the literary critic? In fact we fancy that, in the midst of these energetic remarks, Mr. Carlyle is conscious of certain half-expressed doubts. The name of Shakspeare occurs several times in the course of his remarks, and suggests to us that we can hardly condemn Scott whilst acquitting the greatest name in our liter-

ature. Scott, it seems, wrote for money; he coined his brains into cash to buy farms. Well, and did not Shakspeare do pretty much the same? As Mr. Carlyle himself puts it, "beyond drawing audiences to the Globe Theatre, Shakspeare contemplated no result in those plays of his." Shakspeare, as Pope puts it,

Whom you and every playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.

To write for money was once held to be disgraceful; and Byron, as we know, taunted Scott, because his publishers combined

To yield their muse just half-a-crown a line;

whilst Scott seems half to admit that his conduct required justification, and urges that he sacrificed to literature very fair chances in his original profession. Many people might, perhaps, be disposed to take a bolder line of defence. Cut out of English fiction all that which has owed its birth more or less to a desire of earning money honourably, and the residue would be painfully small. The truth, indeed, seems to be simple. No good work is done when the one impelling motive is the desire of making a little money; but some of the best work that has ever been done, has been indirectly due to the impetuosity of the labourers. When a man is empty he makes a very poor job of it, in straining colourless trash from his hardbound brains; but when his mind is full to bursting he may still require the spur of a moderate craving for cash to induce him to take the decisive plunge. Scott illustrates both cases. The melancholy drudgery of his later years was forced from him in spite of nature; but nobody ever wrote more spontaneously than Scott when he was composing his early poems and novels. If the precedent of Shakspeare is good for anything, it is good for this. Shakspeare, it may be, had a more moderate ambition; but there seems to be no reason why the desire of a good house at Stratford should be intrinsically nobler than the desire of a fine estate at Abbotsford. But then, it is urged, Scott allowed himself to write with preposterous haste. And Shakspeare, who never blotted a line? What is the great difference between them? Mr. Carlyle feels that here too Scott has at least a very good precedent to allege; but he endeavours to establish a distinction. It was

right, he says, for Shakspeare to write rapidly, "being ready to do it. And herein truly lies the secret of the matter; such swiftness of writing, after due energy of preparation, is doubtless the right method; the hot furnace having long worked and simmered, let the pure gold flow out at one gush." Could there be a better description of Scott in his earlier years? He published his first poem of any pretensions at thirty-four, an age which Shelley and Keats never reached, and which Byron only passed by two years. *Waverley* came out when he was forty-three — most of our modern novelists have written themselves out long before they arrive at that respectable period of life. From a child he had been accumulating the knowledge and the thoughts that at last found expression in his work. He had been a teller of stories before he was well in breeches; and had worked hard till middle life in accumulating vast stores of picturesque imagery. The delightful notes to all his books give us some impression of the fulness of mind which poured forth a boundless torrent of anecdote to the guests at Abbotsford. We only repine at the prodigality of the harvest when we forget the long process of culture by which it was produced. And, more than this, when we look at the peculiar characteristics of Scott's style — that easy flow of narrative never heightening into epigram, but always full of a charm of freshness and fancy most difficult to analyze — we may well doubt whether much labour would have improved or injured him. No man ever depended more on the perfectly spontaneous flow of his narratives. Mr. Carlyle quotes Schiller against him, amongst other and greater names. We need not attempt to compare the two men; but do not Schiller's tragedies smell rather painfully of the lamp? Does not the professor of aesthetics pierce a little too distinctly through the exterior of the poet? And, for one example, are not Schiller's excellent but remarkably platitudinous peasants in *William Tell* miserably colourless alongside of Scott's rough border dalesmen, racy of speech, and redolent of their native soil in every word and gesture? To every man his method according to his talent. Scott is the most perfectly delightful of story-tellers, and it is the very essence of story-telling that it should not follow prescribed canons of criticism, but be as natural as the talk by firesides, and, it is to be feared, over many gallons of whiskey-toddy, of which it is, in fact, the refined essence. Scott

skims off the cream of his varied stores of popular tradition and antiquarian learning with strange facility; but he had tramped through many a long day's march, and pored over innumerable ballads and forgotten writers before he had anything to skim. Had he not — if we may use the word without offence — been cramming all his life, and practising the art of story-telling every day he lived? Probably the most striking incidents of his books are in reality mere modifications of anecdotes which he had rehearsed a hundred times before, just disguised enough to fit into his story. Who can read, for example, the wondrous legend of the blind piper in *Redgauntlet* without seeing that it bears all the marks of long elaboration as clearly as one of those discourses of Whitfield, which, by constant repetition, became marvels of dramatic art? He was an impromptu composer, in the sense that when his anecdotes once reached paper, they flowed rapidly, and were little corrected; but the correction must have been substantially done in many cases long before they appeared in the state of "copy."

Let us, however, pursue the indictment a little further. Scott did not believe in anything in particular. Yet once more, did Shakspeare? There is surely a poetry of doubt as well as a poetry of conviction, or what shall we say to *Hamlet*? Appearing in such an age as the end of the last and the beginning of this century, Scott could but share the intellectual atmosphere in which he was born, and at that day, whatever we may think of this, few people had any strong faith to boast of. Why should not a poet stand aside from the chaos of conflicting opinions, so far as he was able to extricate himself from the unutterable confusion around them, and show us what was beautiful in the world as he saw it, without striving to combine the office of prophet with his more congenial occupation? Some such answer might be worked out; but we begin to feel a certain hesitation as to the soundness of our argument. Mr. Carlyle did not mean to urge so feeble a criticism as that Scott had no very uncompromising belief in the Thirty-nine Articles; for that is a weakness which he would share with many undeniably good writers. The criticism points to a different and more unfortunate deficiency. "While Shakspeare works from the heart outwards, Scott," says Mr. Carlyle, "works from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of men." The books are addressed entirely to the every-day mind. They have

nothing to do with emotions or principles, beyond those of the ordinary country gentleman; and, we may add, of the country gentleman with his digestion in good order, and his hereditary gout still in the distant future. The more inspiring thoughts, the deeper passions, are altogether beyond his range. If in his width of sympathy, and his vivid perception of character within certain limits, he reminds us of Shakspeare, we can find no analogy in his writings to the passion of *Romeo and Juliet*, or to the intellectual agony of *Hamlet*. The charge, we see, is not really that Scott lacks faith, but that he never appeals, one way or the other, to the faculties which make faith a vital necessity to some natures, or lead to a desperate revolt against established faiths in others. If Byron and Scott could have been combined; if the energetic passions of the one could have been joined to the healthy nature and quick sympathies of the other, we might have seen another Shakspeare in the nineteenth century. As it is, both of them are maimed and imperfect on different sides. It is, in fact, remarkable how Scott fails when he attempts a flight into the regions where he is less at home than in his ordinary style. Take, for instance, a passage from *Rob Roy*, where our dear friend, the Baillie Nicol Jarvie, is taken prisoner by Rob Roy's amiable wife, and appeals to her feelings of kinship. "I dinna ken," said the undaunted Baillie, "if the kindred has ever been weel redd out to you yet, cousin — but it's kened, and can be proved. My mother, Elspeth Macfarlane (otherwise MacGregor), was the wife of my father, Denison Nicol Jarvie (peace be with them baith), and Elspeth was the daughter of Farlane Macfarlane (or MacGregor), at the shielding of Loch Sloy. Now this Farlane Macfarlane (or MacGregor) as his surviving daughter, Maggy Macfarlane, wha married Duncan Macnab of Stuckavrrallachan, can testify, stood as near to your gudeman, Robin Macgregor, as in the fourth degree of kindred, fur —"

"The virago lopped the genealogical tree by demanding haughtily, If a stream of rushing water acknowledged any relation with the portion withdrawn from it for the mean domestic uses of those who dwelt on its banks?"

What are we to say to this? That the Baillie is as real a human being as ever lived — as the present Lord Mayor, or Mr. Edmond Beales, or Dandie Dinmont, or Sir Walter himself; and that Mrs. MacGregor has obviously just stepped off the

boards of a minor theatre, devoted to the melodrama. As long as Scott keeps to his strong ground, his figures are as good flesh and blood as ever walked in the Salt-market of Glasgow; when once he tries his heroics, he manufactures his characters from the materials used by the frequenters of masked balls. There are, indeed, occasions, on which his genius does not so signally desert him. Balfour of Burley may rub shoulders against genuine Covenanters, and west-country Whigs without betraying his fictitious origin. The Master of Ravenswood attitudinizes a little too much with his Spanish cloak and his slouched hat; but we feel really sorry for him when he disappears in the Kelpie's Flow. And when Scott has to do with his own peasants, with the thoroughbred Presbyterian Scotchman, he can bring real tragic events from his homely materials. Douce Davie Deans, distracted between his religious principles and his desire of saving his daughter's life, and seeking relief even in the midst of his agonies, by that admiral burst of spiritual pride: "Though I will neither exalt myself nor pull down others, I wish that every man and woman in this land had kept the true testimony and the middle and straight path, as it were on the ridge of a hill, where wind and water steals, avoiding right-hand snares and extremes, and left-hand way-slidings, as well as Johnny Dodds of Farthy's acre and ae man mair that shall be nameless" — Davie, we say, is as admirable a figure as ever appeared in fiction. It is a pity that he was mixed up with the conventional madwoman, Madge Wildfire, and that a story most touching in its native simplicity, was twisted and tortured into needless intricacy. These pathetic passages, with others that might be mentioned, imply after all a rather narrow compass of feeling. The religious exaltation of Balfour, or the religious pigheadedness of Davie Deans are picturesquely described; but they are given from the point of view of the kindly humorist, rather than of one who can sympathize with the sublimity of an intense faith in a homely exterior. And though many good judges hold the *Bride of Lammermoor* to be Scott's best performance, in virtue of the loftier passions which animate the chief actors in the tragedy, we are, after all, called upon to sympathize rather with the gentleman of good family who can't ask his friends to dinner without an unworthy device to hide his poverty, than with the passionate lover whose mistress has her heart broken.

Surely this is the vulgarest side of the story. Scott, in short, fails unmistakably in pure passion of all kinds; and for that reason his heroes are for the most part mere wooden blocks to hang a story on. Cranstoun in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Graeme in the *Lady of the Lake*, or Wilton in *Marmion*, are all unspeakable bores. Waverley himself, and Lovel in the *Antiquary*, and Vanbeest Brown in *Guy Mannering*, and Harry Morton in *Old Mortality*, and, in short, the whole series of Scott's pattern young men, are all chips of the same block. It is quite painful to observe how much pains he takes with them; they can all run, and ride, and fight, and make pretty speeches, and express the most becoming sentiments; but somehow they all partake of one fault, the same which was charged against the otherwise incomparable horse, namely, that they are dead. There is not a spark of vitality in the whole party. They are like the five brothers Osbaldistone, who were mixtures in different proportions of sot, gamekeeper, horse-jockey, bully, and fool. We must indeed substitute some more complimentary qualities, yet, with the exception of sot and bully, it must be confessed that these qualities appear more or less conspicuously even in these patterns of their sex. And we must confess that this is a considerable drawback from Scott's novels. To take the passion out of a novel is something like taking the sunlight out of a landscape; and to condemn all the heroes to be utterly commonplace is to remove the centre of interest in a manner detrimental to the best intents of the story. When Thackeray endeavoured to restore Rebecca to her rightful place in *Ivanhoe*, he was only doing what is more or less desirable in all the series. We long to dismount these insipid creatures from the pride of place, and to supplant them by some of the admirable characters who are doomed to play subsidiary parts. And yet we may fairly assert that after many deductions there remains a whole gallery of portraits which could have been drawn by none but a master. If Scott has contributed no great characters, like Hamlet, or Don Quixote, or Mephistopheles, to the world of fiction, he is the undisputed parent of a whole population full of enduring vitality, and, if rising to no ideal standard, yet reflecting with unrivalled clearness the characteristics of some of the strongest and sturdiest of the races of man.

If, indeed, Scott, feeling instinctively that lofty passion was out of his reach, had confined himself to the ordinary day-

light of common sense and common nature, he would have perhaps left more enduring work, though he would have produced, a less marked impression at the time. Unluckily, or luckily, — who shall say which? — he took to that "buff-jerkin" business of which Mr. Carlyle speaks so contemptuously, and fairly carried away the hearts of his contemporaries by a lavish display of mediæval upholstery. Lockhart tells us that Scott could not bear the commonplace daubings of walls with uniform coats of white, blue, and grey. All the roofs at Abbotsford "were, in appearance at least, of carved oak, relieved by coats-of-arms duly blazoned at the intersections of beams, and resting on cornices, to the eye, of the same material, but composed of casts in plaster of Paris, after the foliage, the flowers, the grotesque monsters and dwarfs, and sometimes the beautiful heads of nuns and confessors, on which he had doated from infancy among the cloisters of Melrose Abbey." That anecdote, recounted by the admiring Lockhart, gives the true secret of all Scott's failures. The plaster looks as well as the carved oak — for a time; but the day speedily comes when the sham crumbles into ashes, and Scott's knights and nobles, like his carved cornices, became dust in the next generation. It is hard to say it, and yet we fear it must be admitted that the whole of those historical novels, which once charmed all men, and for which we have still a lingering affection, are rapidly converting themselves into mere débris of plaster of Paris. Even our dear *Ivanhoe* is on the high-road to ruin; it is vanishing as fast as one of Sir Joshua's most carelessly painted pictures; and perhaps we ought not to regret it. Sir F. Palgrave says somewhere that "historical novels are mortal enemies to history," and we shall venture to add that they are mortal enemies to fiction. There may be an exception or two, but as a rule the task is simply impracticable. The novelist is bound to come so near to the facts that we feel the unreality of his portraits. Either the novel becomes pure cram, a dictionary of antiquities dissolved in a thin solution of romance, or, which is generally more refreshing, it takes leave of accuracy altogether and simply takes the plot and costume from history, but allows us to feel that genuine moderns are masquerading in the dress of the by-gone century. Even in the last case, it generally results in a kind of dance in fetters and a comparative breakdown under self-imposed obligations. *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth*

and *Quentin Durward* and the rest are of course bare blank impossibilities. No such people ever lived and talked on this planet; fragments of genuine history and fragments of genuine character may be embedded in the plaster of Paris, but there is no solidity or permanence in the workmanship. The love of these conventional heroes unluckily sank very deeply into Scott's mind. His puritans are generally better than his cavaliers, though he loved the cavaliers best in theory, just so far as in the puritans he was really painting from the life around him and only transporting modern Scotchmen into antiquated surroundings. The evil extends beyond the purely historical romances. Scott, for example, invented the modern Highlander. It is to him more than to anybody else that we owe the strange perversion of facts which induces a good Lowland Scot to fancy himself more nearly allied to the semi-barbarous wearers of the tartan than to his English blood-relations. This fashion of talking twaddle about claymores and targets and kilts reached its height, as Macaulay remarks, in the marvellous performance of our venerated ruler, George IV. That monarch, he observes, "thought that he could not give a more striking proof of his respect for the usages which had prevailed in Scotland before the Union than by disguising himself in what, before the Union, was considered by nine Scotchmen out of ten as the dress of a thief." The passage recalls one of the most tragi-comic passages in Scott's life. When we think of the great poet appropriating the wine-glass in which his sacred Majesty had drank his first draught in Scotland, and carelessly sitting down upon it afterwards, we can only say, in the words of Pope, —

Who would not laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if — Waverley — were he?

That the sturdiest piece of manhood in the British Islands should lower himself to that wretched bit of mock loyalty amounts almost to a national misfortune. The same might be illustrated by a picture at one of the interesting portrait exhibitions. There, in South Kensington, was hung up for the admiration of all men, a representation of George IV., which it was simply impossible to contemplate without exploding in a laugh. It portrayed a stalwart highlander in full costume, some seven or eight feet high, as far as could be judged, and with the most tremendous muscular development. Above

its shoulders rose a black cylindrical column, which was, in fact, the stock with which our ancestors used to encourage an attack of apoplexy. Above this again appeared the red puffy cheeks of the first gentleman in Europe, suggestive of innumerable bottles of port and burgundy at Carlton House. And the whole structure was surmounted by a bonnet with waving plumes. Anything more grotesque and more significant of the taste of the epoch could hardly be invented. And Scott was chiefly responsible for disguising that elderly London debauchee in the costume of a wild Gaelic cattle-stealer, and was apparently insensible of the gross absurdity. We are told that an air of burlesque was thrown over the proceedings at Holyrood by the apparition of a true London alderman in the same costume as his master. We could almost hope that by some strange blunder, Wilkie had painted the alderman instead of the monarch. Alas! the evidence is too strong; and such as we have seen was the earthly idol before whom Scott delighted to bow his manly head. Let us pass by with a passing lamentation that so great and good a man should have encouraged the miserable British tendency for explaining unselfish loyalty by gross snobbishness and fancying that it is the genuine article. This miserable taint of unreality threatens Scott's genius more than any other defect; and so far Mr. Carlyle's verdict can hardly be disputed. Already we have lost our love of buff jerkins and other scraps from mediæval museums, and Scott is suffering from having preferred working in stucco to carving in marble. The mediævalism of this day is perhaps deficient in any real vitality; yet we have got some way in advance of Strawberry Hill and Abbotsford and the carpenter's father of fifty years back. There is, however, something still to be said. *Ivanhoe* cannot be given up without some reluctance. The vivacity of the description — the delight with which Scott throws himself into the pursuit of his knickknacks and antiquarian rubbish, has something contagious about it. *Ivanhoe*, let it be granted, is no longer a work for men, but it still is, or still ought to be, delightful reading for boys. The ordinary boy, indeed, when he reads anything, seems to choose descriptions of the cricket-matches and boat-races in which his soul most delights. But there must still be some unsophisticated youths who can relish *Robinson Crusoe* and *Arabian Nights* and other favourites of our own

childhood, and such at least should pore over the "Gentle and free passage of arms at Ashby," admire those incredible feats with the long-bow which would have enabled Robin Hood to meet successfully a modern volunteer armed with the Martini-Henry, and follow the terrific head-breaking of Frond-de-Bœuf, Bois-Guilbert, the holy clerk of Copmanshurst, and the *Noir Fainéant*, even to the time when, for no particular reason beyond the exigencies of the story, the Templar suddenly falls from his horse, and is discovered, to our no small surprise, to be "unscathed by the lance of the enemy," and to have died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions. But if *Ivanhoe* has rightly descended from the library to the school-room, we should not be ungrateful to Scott for wasting his splendid talents on what we can hardly call by a loftier name than most amusing nonsense. We could not, without venturing into boundless fields of controversy, decide upon the good and the evil results of that romanticism of which Scott was the great English founder. This much may perhaps be safely said: a reaction from the eighteenth-century spirit of indiscriminating contempt for our past history, and specially for the "Dark Ages," was necessary and right. At a time when the public taste was too ill educated to distinguish between tinsel and genuine gold, it could only be attracted by that fast failing material which Scott offered for its acceptance. Had he taken a loftier tone he might have amused people more in the twentieth century, but he would have produced a smaller immediate effect on his own. Why should not a man stir a love of art by producing daubs when neither he nor his audience are capable of appreciating master-pieces? May we not at times accept with gratitude the sacrifice made by a genius which condescends to provide us with the only food that we can digest, as well as the sacrifice of temporary fame made by the man who works for our great grandchildren? It is a difficult problem, and one which we need not attempt to solve. Certainly, however, we must set against it that Scott contributed more than most people to that prevalent delusion of our times, that there is a hopeless divergence between the beautiful and the useful; that we cannot keep up historical associations except at the price of injuring our own generation, or do good now without making a clean sweep of all that appeals to the imagination. In so doing, he played into the hands of the purely obstructive people, who would not only live

in a picturesque ruin, but build modern ruins to be like it; the end of which is, of course, that which they most dread, a final revolution by catastrophe, instead of a continuous development.

Scott, however, understood, and nobody has better illustrated by example, the true mode of connecting past and present. Mr. Palgrave, whose love of Scott's poetry is perhaps rather stronger than we can generally follow, observes in the notes to the *Golden Treasury* that the songs about Brignall banks and Rosabelle exemplify "the peculiar skill with which Scott employs proper names;" nor, he adds, "is there a surer sign of high poetical genius." The last remark might possibly be disputed; if Milton possessed the same talent, so did Lord Macaulay, whose ballads, admirable as they are, are not first-rate poetry; but the conclusion to which the remark points is one which is illustrated by each of these cases. The secret of the power is simply this, that a man whose mind is full of historical associations somehow communicates to us something of the sentiment which they awake in himself. Scott, as all who saw him tell us, could never see an old tower, or a bank, or the rush of a stream without instantly recalling a boundless collection of appropriate anecdotes. He might be quoted as a case in point by those who would explain all poetical imagination by the power of associating ideas. He is the poet of association. A proper name acts upon him like a charm. It calls up the past days, the heroes of the '41, or the skirmish of Drumclog, or the old Covenanting times, by a spontaneous and inexplicable magic. When the barest natural object is taken into his imagination, all manner of past fancies and legends crystallize around it at once.

Though it is more difficult to explain how the same glow which ennobled them to him is conveyed to his readers, the process somehow takes place. We catch the enthusiasm. A word, which strikes us as a bare abstraction in the report of the Censor General, say, or in a collection of poor-law returns, gains an entirely new significance when he touches it in the most casual manner. A kind of mellowing atmosphere surrounds all objects in his pages, and tinges them with poetical hues; and difficult as it is to analyze the means by which his power is exercised, though we may guess at its sources, this is the secret of Scott's most successful writing. Thus, for example, we have always fancied that the second title of *Waverley* — "The

Sixty Years Since,"—indicates precisely the distance of time at which a romantic novelist should place himself from his creations. They are just far enough from us to have acquired a certain picturesque colouring, which conceals the vulgarity, and yet leaves them living and intelligible beings. His best stories might be all described as *Tales of My Grandfather*. They have the charm of anecdotes told to the narrator by some old man who had himself been part of what he describes. Some people, who condemn the sham knights and nobles and the mediæval upholstery of Scott's novels, have, by a natural reaction, taken a rather different view. There is a story of a dozen connoisseurs in the *Waverley Novels*, who agreed that each should separately write down the name of his favourite story, when it appeared that each had, without concert, mentioned *St. Ronan's Well*. It has, indeed, the merit of representing modern life, and therefore giving no scope for the sham romantic. But the public is surely a wiser critic than any clique of connoisseurs; and, in this instance especially, we suspect that it is right. The ladies and gentlemen at the hotel are rather out of Scott's peculiar line, and excellent as Meg Dodds and the retired nabobs may be, they are scarcely equal to some of the old men and women in his less prosaic novels. If we were to give a list of the novels which to us appear to have the best chance of immortality, we should mention *Waverley*, *The Antiquary*, *Guy Mannering*, *Old Mortality*, and the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Some of the others—especially the *Heart of Midlothian*—contain passages equal to the best of these; but those we have noticed seem to be less defaced by Scott's inferior style, and they all of them depend, for their deep interest, upon the scenery and society with which he had been familiar in his early days, more or less harmonized by removal to what we may call, in a different sense from the common one, the twilight of history; that period, namely, from which the broad glare of the present has departed, and which we can yet dimly observe without making use of the dark-lantern of ancient historians, and accepting the guidance of Dryasdust. Dandie Dinmont, though a contemporary of Scott's youth, represented a fast perishing phase of society; and Balfour of Burley, though his day was past, had yet left his mantle with many spiritual descendants who were scarcely less familiar. Between the times so fixed Scott seems to exhibit his genuine power; and within these limits we

should find it hard to name any second, or indeed any third.

When naturalists wish to preserve a skeleton, they bury an animal in an ant-hill and dig him up after many days with all the perishable matter fairly eaten away. That is a process which great men have to undergo. A vast multitude of insignificant, unknown, and unconscious critics destroy what has no genuine power of resistance and leave the remainder for posterity. Much disappears in every case, and it is a question, perhaps, whether the firmer parts of Scott's reputation will be sufficiently coherent to resist after the removal of the rubbish. We must admit that even his best work is of more or less mixed value, and that the test will be a severe one. Yet we hope, and chiefly for one reason, which remains to be expressed. Every great novelist describes many characters from the outside: but as a rule, even the greatest—and, with Mr. Carlyle's leave, we will add even Shakespeare—describes only one from the inside: and that, we need not say, is himself. We must add, indeed, to make the statement accurate, that every man is really a highly complex personage, and, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, is at least three gentlemen in one. His varying moods, or the different stages of development through which he passes, may supply us with what we take to be different men, as Goethe utilized all the successive phases of his life, or as, to speak more conjecturally, Shakespeare in his cups was Falstaff, and Shakespeare melancholy was Hamlet. Not to work this out at length, or to supply the necessary qualifications, we may surely say that Scott has painted a full-length portrait of himself; and that no more lovable or in some respects more powerful nature was ever revealed to us. Scott, indeed, setting up as the landed proprietor at Abbotsford and solacing himself with painted plaster of Paris instead of carved oak, does not strike us any more than he does Mr. Carlyle, as a very noble phenomenon. To test Scott we may set aside such performances as *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth Castle*, the *Monastery*, and other stucco-work of a highly crumbling and unstable tendency. But luckily for us, we have also the Scott who must have been the most charming of all conceivable companions; the Scott who was idolized even by a judicious pig; the Scott, who, unlike the irritable race of literary magnates in general, never lost a friend, and whose presence diffused an equable glow of kindly feeling to the farthest limits of the social system which

gravitated round him. He was not precisely brilliant; nobody, we know, ever wrote so many sentences and left so few that have fixed themselves upon us as established commonplaces; beyond that unlucky phrase about "my name being Macgregor and my foot being on my native heath" — which is not a very admirable sentiment — we do not at present remember a single gem of this kind. Laudor, if we remember rightly, said that in the whole of Scott's poetry there was only one good line, that, namely, in the poem about Helvellyn referring to the dog of the lost man —

When the wind waved his garments, how oft
didst thou start!

To judge either of poetry or prose on such principles is obviously unfair. Scott is not one of the coruscating geniuses, throwing out epigrams at every turn, and sparkling with good things. But the poetry, which was first admired to excess and then rejected with undue contempt, is now beginning to find its due level. It is not poetry of the first order. It is not the poetry of deep meditation or of rapt enthusiasm. Much that was once admired has now become rather offensive than otherwise. And yet it has charm, which becomes more sensible the more familiar we grow, the charm of an unaffected and spontaneous love of nature; but not only is it perfectly in harmony with the nature which Scott loved so well, but it is still the best interpreter of the sound healthy love of wild scenery. Wordsworth, no doubt, goes deeper; and Byron is more vigorous; and Shelley more ethereal. But it is, and will remain, a good thing to have a breath from the Cheviots brought straight into London streets, as Scott alone can do it. When Washington Irving visited Scott, they had an amicable dispute as to the scenery: Irving, as became an American, complaining of the absence of forests; Scott declaring his love for "his honest grey hills," and saying that if he did not see the heather once a year he thought he should. Everybody who has refreshed himself with mountain and moor this summer should feel how much we owe, and how much more we are likely to owe in future, to the man who first inoculated us with his own enthusiasm, and who is still the best interpreter of the "honest grey hills." Scott's poetical faculty may, perhaps, be more felt in his prose than his verse. The fact need not be decided; but as we read the best of his novels we feel ourselves transported

to the "distant Cheviots blue;" mixing with the sturdy dalesmen, and the tough indomitable puritans of his native land; for their sakes we can forgive the exploded feudalism and the faded romance which he attempted in vain, as such an attempt must always be vain, to galvanize into life. The pleasure of that healthy open-air life, with that manly companion, is not likely to diminish; and Scott as its exponent may still retain a hold upon our affections which would have been long ago forfeited if he had depended entirely on his romantic nonsense. We are rather in the habit of talking about a healthy animalism, and try most elaborately to be simple and manly; indeed, we have endeavoured to prove that the cultivation of our muscles is an essential part of the Christian religion. When we turn from our modern professors in that line, who affect a total absence of affectation, to Scott's Dandie Dinmonts and Edie Ochiltrees, we see the difference between the sham and the reality, and fancy that Scott may still have a lesson or two to preach to this generation. Those to come must take care of themselves.

From The Spectator.

THE SITUATION AT VERSAILLES.

THE Pact of Bordeaux has become distasteful to the majority of the French Assembly, but they do not know how to get rid of it. That seems to be the meaning of the extraordinary series of intrigues, proposals, debates, and quarrels which have been going on at Versailles for the last fortnight, and have inspired all France with fear of another relapse into anarchy. Under that compact the members of the Chamber, three-fourths of whom were country magnates, elected because they were the only persons visible in the turmoil, and were therefore Monarchists of one type or another, agreed to postpone their differences with the Republicans, and support M. Thiers as virtual Dictator, until by carrying out the stern conditions of the Treaty he had terminated the German occupation. M. Thiers on his part agreed to leave the ultimate power, or, as he termed it "the sovereignty," with the Assembly — thereby surrendering the right both of dissolution and of taking plebiscites — and to avoid any acts which should commit the country to a particular form of government. The scheme was not, for the moment, an un-

wise one. M. Thiers certainly was not the man whom foreign observers would have selected to lead France out of her quagmire; but he had been elected by many departments, he was almost the only man in France not a Bonapartist familiar with office, and he was a Frenchman to his heart's core. At first it seemed as if the experiment would succeed. The "Chief of the Executive Power" succeeded in putting down the Commune; he raised a loan of unexampled amount with great ease, and for some months he contrived, to employ his own expression, to prevent the parties within the Chamber from flying at one another's throats. The immense power always belonging to the Government in France enabled him to conduct the Administration without representative help, and the Army has been obedient and ready to maintain order. Of late, however, the majority within the Assembly have become dissatisfied with their ruler, with affairs, and with themselves. They had thought that M. Thiers, an Orleanist by habit, if not by conviction, a believer in strong government, and an enemy of the Ultras, would employ his authority to found a monarchy, whereas he is employing it to found a moderate Republic, with immense powers lodged in the hands of the Chief of the Executive. They had thought that he would be a Parliamentary leader, very pliable upon all points but foreign policy, and very much afraid of them, whereas he has been independent, exigent, and in his treatment of the majority sometimes peevishly dictatorial. They had thought that the country would by degrees manifest monarchical tendencies, and agree that M. Thiers should be regarded as the *locum tenens* for a King, whereas they perceive, from the recent elections, from the military vote, and from the attitude of the South, that the country is accepting the Republic, that it is growing impatient of reaction, and that it turns rather towards Gambetta than towards the Comte de Paris. They begin to be anxious to get rid of M. Thiers, and could they have discovered a substitute, they would, we conceive, have long since accepted one of his too frequent resignations. Personages, however, are rare in France; only four can be named who would not be ridiculous in such a post, and none of these four are immediately available. The Duc d'Aumale, whom they would have preferred, distinctly declined the post, fearing, it may be, to compromise the possible future of his House, fearing also, we are told, to seem to blacken his

father's memory by acknowledging him as a usurper. Marshal MacMahon, whom they would have endured, as a soldier likely to play the part of a Monk, did not encourage their proposals, and in fact is no politician. Gambetta they would not have, despite the latent kindness of the Right for his name, for he would have made the Republic a reality; and M. Grévy, though repeatedly mentioned, alarmed them for the same reason. They resolved therefore to see if they could not get rid of M. Thiers' dictatorship by promotion, by declaring him President — a title which, for diplomatic and personal reasons, he greatly desired — but relegating him to the position of a constitutional King. This was the meaning of the "proposition Rivet," according to which M. Thiers was to be President for three years, but with responsible Ministers, no veto, and all the rest of the compromises which we English think so excellent, and the rest of the world so ridiculous. M. Thiers would none of it. He would not be fattened hog, a king with neither dignity nor power, and he threatened if the plan were accepted to depart into private life. The majority were not prepared for this, seeing clearly that M. Thiers once away, they must either proclaim a King and so risk a civil war, or appeal to a country very likely to declare for Gambetta, and certain at all events to dismiss them. They therefore accepted a compromise, declaring M. Thiers President of the Republic, but otherwise leaving him just where he was before, with these drawbacks, that his term of office and that of the Assembly being made synchronous, he could no longer propose a dissolution, which would terminate his own power, and that although he could after notice address the Assembly, he could no longer mingle in its debates. This is the meaning of the "proposition Vitet," and to this also M. Thiers refused to accede unless it were accompanied by a formal recognition of his service to France. M. Thiers has been greatly blamed for this outbreak of "inopportune vanity;" but though he is vain enough, with the vanity of a very old man as well as of an actor, the blame is in this instance undeserved.

No statesman can live in France who suffers himself to be politically insulted, and there was insult, deep contempt for the head of the State, in the wording of M. Vitet's Bill, with its careful ignoring of his name, its cautious retention of absolute power in the Assembly, and its preposterous proviso that both President and Minis-

ters should be responsible for all their acts, a proviso which destroys his control of his Ministers without allowing him to depend on them. It was absolutely needful, if M. Thiers were to go on at all, that the Bill should contain a vote of confidence, and M. Dufaure therefore demanded it on M. Thiers' behalf. The demand was acceded to, though with wretched want of grace and consideration, for M. Thiers has kept his faith with the Assembly; and the situation is therefore this—that M. Thiers is President of the Republic by virtue of a law which may be abrogated to-morrow, passed in an Assembly which dislikes and distrusts him, and which in that very law has almost in so many words commanded him to hold his tongue. We can hardly imagine a more unfortunate position, or one less likely to endure. Had the right of the veto been conceded, M. Thiers would have been able to go on with his daily work, and let the Assembly say its say at discretion; but without this, he must consent to carry out its policy without helping to discuss it, and without possessing in theory any option of resignation. Of course, in practice, he can resign, as he can now; but if he is to resign on an adverse vote, what is the sense of turning him out of the Assembly, or of making his Ministers responsible for his orders? Even as a temporary expedient the arrangement is childish, much worse than the present one, under which M. Thiers is, at all events, Premier of France.

The truth is, the Assembly is in an impossible position, and should either efface itself till the departure of the Germans, thus fulfilling honestly the Pact of Bordeaux, or proclaim a King at all hazards, or take itself away by a dissolution. The dispute about its constituent power is a dispute about words. If it is sovereign it is constituent, and if it cannot constitute because the country disagrees with it, then it is neither constituent nor sovereign. As a matter of fact, it does nothing, and can do nothing but fret and yell. It will not go with the country and establish a Republic, because its convictions are opposed to that form of government, and it dare not proclaim a Monarchy because it

knows that the country does not agree with its convictions. It treats M. Thiers as if he were a mere Premier, and the moment he offers to go it recoils in affright, thus depriving his government of all the advantages of unity, and yet foregoing any advantage that might arise from its own independence. It is morbidly jealous of its claim to sovereignty, yet makes M. Thiers head of the Executive for a term, and then directs that he shall look to it for orders which, after all, it rather insinuates than gives. It has neither temper to wait, nor courage to act, nor resignation to submit to a dissolution. Unless some change can take place in its attitude, a catastrophe sooner or later is inevitable, and M. Gambetta in asking it either to dissolve itself or to fix a date for its dissolution is acting in the interest of constitutional government, and enabling the Assembly to avert the *coup d'état* which otherwise in some form or other is certain to terminate its existence. The blow may take the form of M. Thiers' resignation, or of an insurrection of the South, or of a moral insurrection of the electors, or even of a sharp menace from the Army; but a representative body which will neither keep quiet, nor act, nor trust its electors and yet is beyond dissolution, is a doomed body. We presume the danger is staved off for the present, as the Chamber wants its vacation; but there is uneasiness in the air, a feeling throughout France as if this quarrel among the postilions on the brink of a precipice were becoming intolerable, and any strong driver would be preferred. It is evident, too, that the Germans watch the state of affairs at Versailles with considerable irritation, and although Prince Bismarck would scarcely lift Germany once more merely to interfere in the internal affairs of France, he will undoubtedly insist on the Treaty being fulfilled, which it cannot be if the Assembly succeeds in paralyzing the Government, while refusing to take the reins into its own hands. The result of the fortnight's fury is that M. Thiers is to go on for a time, a good deal weakened by the visible discord between himself and the majority which elected him.

"THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP."—From the hour (how well we remember it—10 A.M. on the morning of the twentieth of last month) when we first heard, from a mutual friend, of the proposed investigation of the bed of the Tiber, to the present time (half past three, Friday afternoon, September the first), we have allowed our imagination to dwell, in all weathers, and under every change of circumstances, on the Treasures, which a few years careful dredging will yield, for the unalloyed gratification of countless visitors to the Museums of Rome. Day and night, and sometimes also on a fine afternoon, we have pictured to ourselves, and to those near and dear to us, the rapturous delight of the traveller, the tourist, the *dilettante*, the *virtuoso*, the man of science and letters after his name, the cultivated and the curious of all ranks, countries, ages, sexes, and professions, when they examine, for the first time, with reverent gaze, objects which, from their childhood, they have read of, with eager eyes and bated breath, in the pages of Niebuhr, in the volumes of Arnold, in the chapters of Mommsen, and Goldsmith, and numberless other learned historians of departed Rome.

We can foresee a Catalogue containing (amongst a thousand others) simple entries like the following—for what need of elaborate description of articles which, though they have lain hid from the eye of the world and the *cognoscenti* for thousands of years, are as familiar as the cross on the summit of St. Paul's, or the outstretched arm of the Duke of Wellington on Constitution Hill, yea, or even the metal rod which rises so grandly from the head of the Duke of York at the termination of Waterloo Place?

1. Stones identified, beyond a doubt, as having formed part of the grotto of Egeria.

2. One of the bucklers with which Tarpeia was crushed to death, to the inexpressible grief of her surviving relatives.

3. The razor with which Tarquin (Tarquinius Priscus) cut through the whetstone. (Careful search has been made for his strop, but hitherto without success.)

4. The footstool (much discoloured by time and mud) thrown by Tullia at the head of her coachman, whom she was fined for assaulting.

5. The stone chest containing the Sibylline books. (The binding is in pretty good order, and by a newly discovered process the mystic characters, which were entirely obliterated, have been deciphered. It will be a relief to the public mind to know that they appear to be nothing more than simple family receipts, culinary and medicinal.)

6. Lucretia's spinning-wheel (one or two of the spindles missing), and the poniard with which she committed suicide, exactly agreeing in all respects with the description of it contained in contemporary accounts of the coroner's inquest (*Vide* Dion. Halic. xviii. 7; and Polyb., pp. 1074-7).

7. Cincinnatus's plough.

8. The Ivory Sceptre of Senator Papirius (the ornament on the top knocked off).

9. The Scales and some of the weights used in the monetary transaction with General Brennus.

10. The beautifully-carved Ivory Manger out of which Caligula's favourite hunter was in the habit of feeding, with some of the gilt oats still adhering to the bottom.

11. Nero's Fiddle (the strings gone).

12. The Emperor Domitian's bodkin. (The first chemists of Europe, after a most careful analysis, are strongly of opinion that the dark-coloured stain is the blood of an enormous blue-bottle.)

13. Cornelia's Jewels.

14. Axes enclosed in bundles of rods (completely fossilized); Jewellery supposed to have been worn by the Vestal Virgins; the Jawbone and Teeth of a Wolf (believed to have been the identical animal which nourished Romulus and Remus in the dawn of life); bushels of Sesterces; several Civic, Mural, and Golden Crowns; Knights' Gold Rings; Galleys, Triremes, Curule Chairs, Roman Candles, &c.

Punch.

CAUSE OF PHOSPHORESCENCE.—M. Pancrei has presented to the Congress of Naturalists and Physicians at Turin the results of some investigations as to the cause of phosphorescence in animals, and especially in fishes. He has come to the conclusion that the cause of this phenomenon is the slow oxidation of fat, which he finds to be always present when phosphorescence is observed in animal substances. In the case of fish, the oxygen of the atmosphere very readily penetrates the skin and acts upon the subcutaneous adipose tissue. The phenomenon is promoted by placing the phosphorescent substance in oxygen, but entirely arrested by its immersion in carbonic acid, fresh water, alcohol, or any solution not containing oxygen. Phosphorescence usually commences immediately after death, and continues until decomposition sets in, with disengagement of ammonia, when it invariably immediately ceases.

Academy.

THE *Univers* publishes the following prayer, which the Pope is said to offer up daily for France:—"O Mary, conceived without sin, look down upon France; pray for France; oh, save France! The greater its guilt, the greater its need of thy intercession. A single word to Jesus, reclining in thine arms, and France is saved. O Jesus, obey Mary, and save France!"